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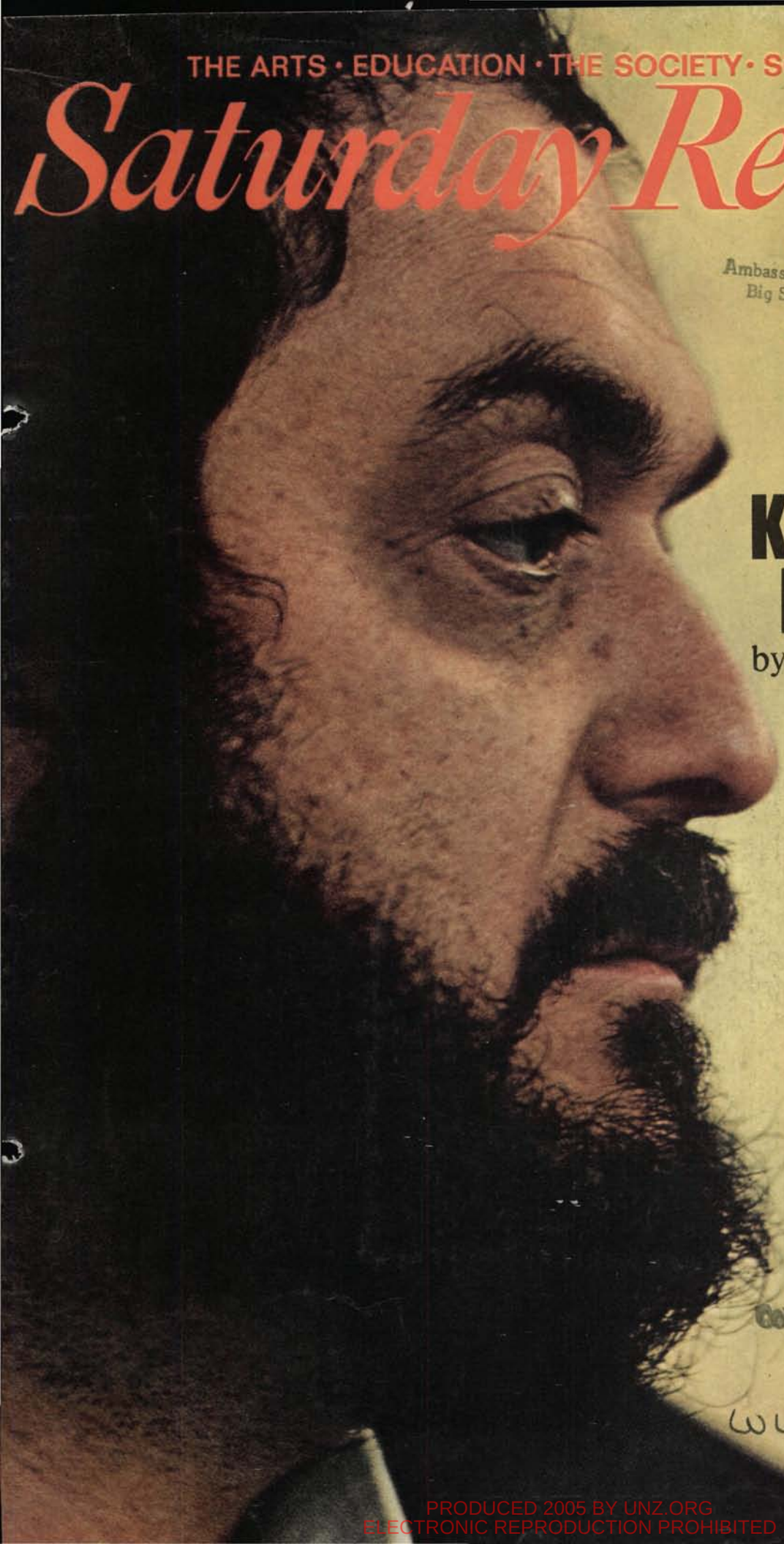

"A Clockwork Orange"

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by Penelope Houston and Hollis Alpert

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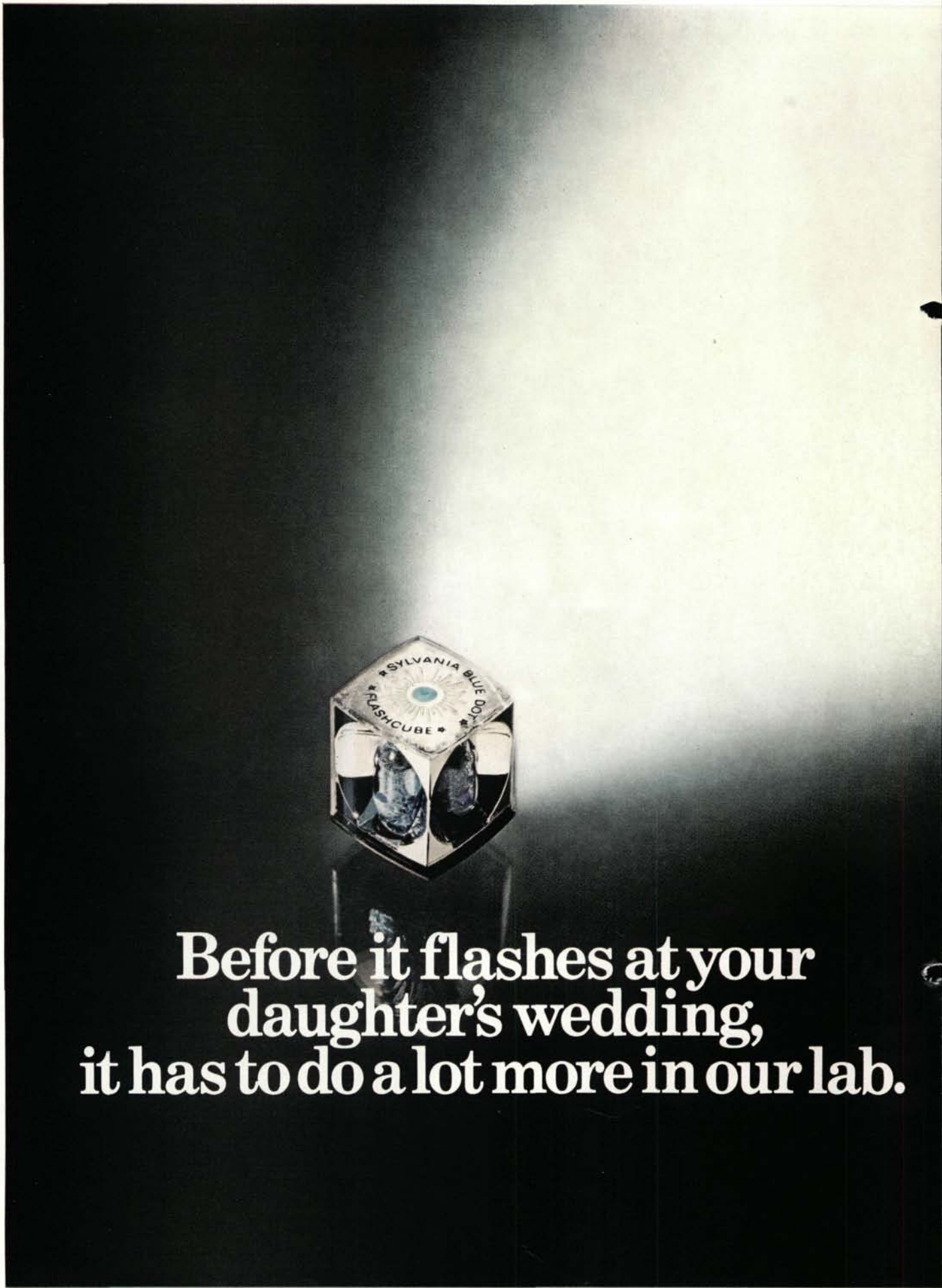

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December 25, 1971

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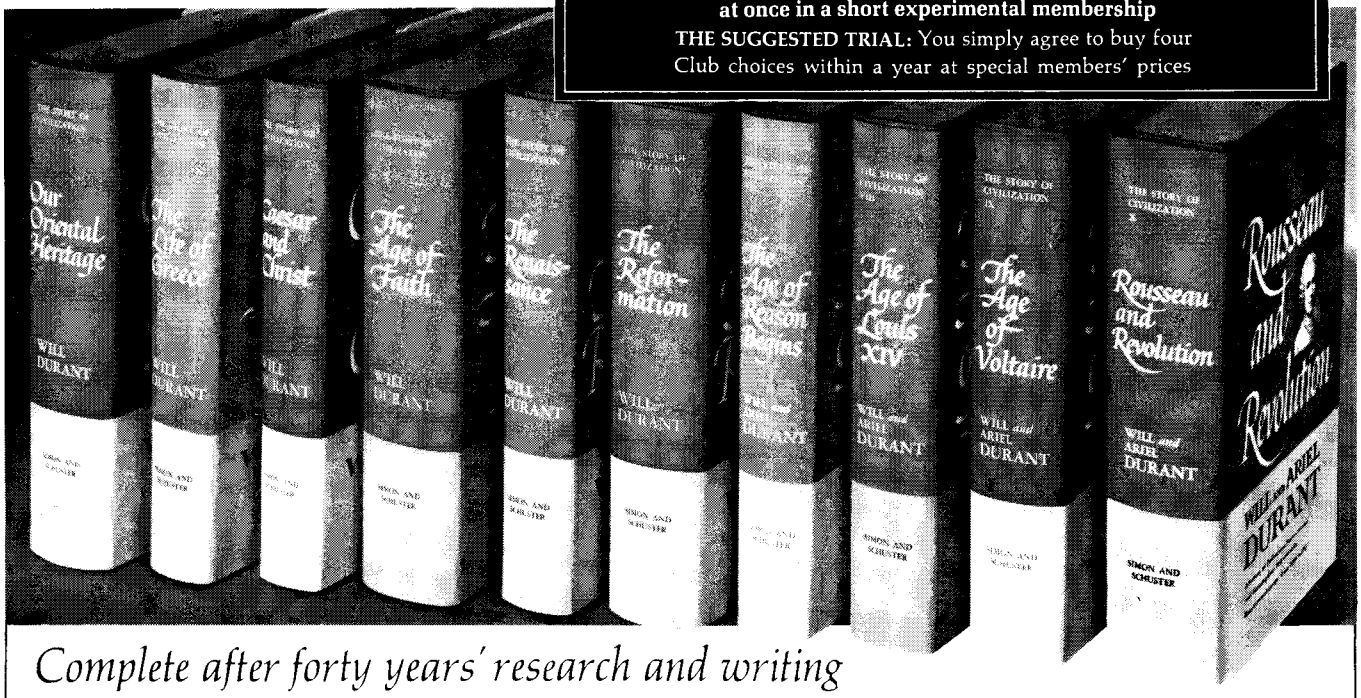

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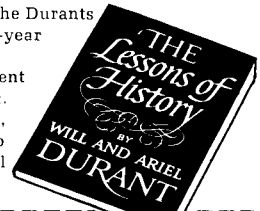

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Phoenix Nest

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This Sunday in "The New York Times Magazine"

The Beginning—or the End?

A noted biologist, head of the International Institute Center in Zurich, lists the reasons why the human race may not reach the year 1972.

The End—or the Beginning?

A celebrated sociologist, on leave from Berkeley, suggests that hostility may be a sign of health in American politics.

The New Rage

A distinguished educator, on leave from Harvard, proposes that anger may be a hopeful indication on the American campus.

"I Hate You"

A former staff writer discusses what she learned about the other members of a three-month encounter group.

"——Everybody!"

A contributor to the male-female dialogue offers a reply to last week's contribution to the male-female dialogue.

. . . AND THE TIMES MAGAZINE IS ONLY PART OF THE ENJOYABLE SUNDAY TIMES.

Geoffrey Bush

Driving You to Drink

They've been experimenting with various devices to keep the drunken driver off the road.

One invention is a little black box designed to measure driver befuddlement. When someone gets in the car and turns the key, a random five-digit number flashes on a little screen, then disappears. The driver must quickly push numbered buttons on the box to correspond with the flashed number. And in the right order. If he doesn't get it right, the car won't start. The driver gets only three chances, a different number each time.

It is difficult to imagine a more nervous procedure. Such a device, if officially accepted and installed on all cars, should keep the entire U.S. driver population in a constant state of anxiety. After all, if you can't remember your own lifetime Social Security number, nor the number you must write on the deposit slip every week, how will you remember numbers your car makes up and flashes at you?

Then there are the countless unfortunates who "tense up" before a test, especially a time test. They couldn't meet the black-box challenge full of tranquilizers at high noon.

The black box seems to defeat its purpose if a driver needs several quick belts to steady his nerves so he can tackle his car's anti-drinking device.

Latest invention being tested is a breath-sniffer. When it smells alcohol, it stops the car. This discourages drinking under way. The device would also keep a drunk from starting up a car in the first place. But the inventors still have one big bug to iron out—a sober man won't be able to drive a drunken buddy home.

Another problem—does the Booze Breath Box sniff out the car's own antifreeze? It seems unreasonable for the device to forbid you to drive just because your car had a few quarts to get it through the winter. And if the sniffer cuts off your engine, will you have to replace the alcohol with pure water, and settle for a cold sober car with a cracked block?

Clearly, driving in the future is going to be a nerve-racking experience, made no easier by knowledge that an oversensitive safety air bag may leap out at you any second.

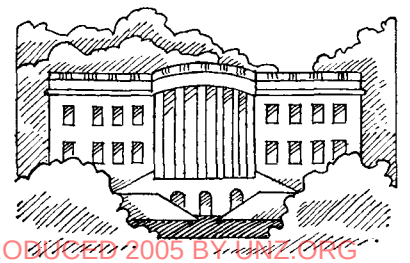
Faced with the prospect of spending five thousand dollars for a vehicle that sounds one buzzer because the door is open and another buzzer because the seatbelt is unfastened, while you're trying to memorize numbers and punch keys as a machine suspiciously sniffs at your breath while an air bag creaks and groans under the dash, most sane people will choose to walk instead. Or get a horse.

Dereck Williamson

The All-Purpose Lindsay Comment

Come next Presidential election, we may be making our choice between getting it all perfectly clear and being utterly shocked and outraged.

Whatever the occasion, Mayor John V. Lindsay is likely to say, "It's outrageous; all New Yorkers are outraged and shocked. Even those who live in Queens are outrageously shocked about this whole thing."



Then he goes on to say: "But New Yorkers will not stand for this outrageous act. There'll be benches for them and bushes in planter tubs, and all New Yorkers will then have a chance to take this sitting down on Mondays and Tuesdays from noon to one p.m. and all day Saturday when the streets will be closed to traffic, especially outrageous traffic, which is probably the most shocking kind of traffic that we have anywhere in the country today. The President doesn't have traffic like this. The Supreme Court, the highest court in the land, doesn't have traffic like this. It's a complete outrage, and talks will go on all through the night.

"I've asked all New Yorkers, even those who live in Jersey, to feel, as I do, a sense of outrage and shock whatever the occasion is that I started to talk about in the beginning. What was the question again? Police? Well, they've always been New York's finest, and you can say that I'm outraged and shocked to think that all New Yorkers would not feel, as I do, that New York police are the finest in the country. The President doesn't have police like this. The Supreme Court, the highest court in the land, doesn't have police like this. I have police like this. And you have police like this, because we both have New York's finest. Anything less would be a shocking outrage. But we'll be having a closed-door meeting on that all through the night, and I assure you that the door will be closed. My door is always open, of course, except during a closed-door meeting all through the night, and then my door is closed, because anything less would be shocking, even in Brooklyn. The President isn't in Brooklyn. The Supreme Court, which is the highest court in the land, isn't in Brooklyn. The Governor of New York isn't in Brooklyn, but *I'm* in Brooklyn, and all New Yorkers who feel a sense of outrage are in Brooklyn. Even those New Yorkers who live in Connecticut are in Brooklyn. I'm having a meeting on that with the Governor of Connecticut and the Senator from Louisiana and the President of the United States behind a closed door, and if the legislature fails to recognize the burdens of running this great city of mine, and yours, then all I can say is that it's outrageous and I'm shocked. And you can quote me on that!"

That's what the Mayor says, about anything, anytime, it seems to me. The President doesn't talk like that, the Supreme Court, the highest court in the land, doesn't talk like that. The Mayor of New York talks like that. It's outrageous! And I'm shocked!

Jim Aylward

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

That Kid's Here Again

There remain but a handful of days waiting impatiently to be torn from the calendar and thrown into the wastebasket of time, and I shudderingly realize I'm on the threshold of another gala New Year's Eve party.

I recall last year's gala in the ballroom of a large hotel. When Old Man '70 came on stage to take his final bow and to wave "Goodbye" to the celebrants, there was heard derisive laughter from the boorish revelers who waved "Get lost" to the old gent.

But it was a different story when, in the old man's wake, there toddled on the cherubic kid draped in an oversized, resplendent red ribbon. We all knew, even if the kid wasn't old enough to read the figures, that 1971 had arrived. It was the wishing hour.

Midst the din of music, the shower of confetti, the tooting of horns, the hugging and kissing, and the waiters asking, "Who gets the check here?" I recall a dozen friends wishing me a "Happy new year," or a "Happy and healthy new year," or a "Happy and healthy and prosperous new year."

Now, in the brief calm before the next gala storm, I take inventory of the assortment of good wishes by good friends, and I feel sorry, almost guilty, to have let them down. It wasn't that I didn't try. But as to the wishes for a "healthy" new year, pollution took care of that. And as for "prosperous," well, a couple of Phases erased that one. And I am left with only "happy."

Being by nature a happy fellow, I should have no trouble recalling the happinesses that were wished for me in 1971. So, taking up pen and pad, I decided to recall and recount for this column the pleasurable happenings of the year just passing. It should be a breeze, I thought. All I need is 800 words—that's only about two-and-a-quarter happy words for each of the 365 days.

In less than an hour I had filled several pages of my notepad with concentric circles, landscapes, planes in flight, snow-capped mountains, and the entire alphabet, beautifully shaded and blocked, in both upper and lower case. Then I decided to enumerate the happy happenings one by one and filled another page with Roman numerals, beautifully shaded and blocked, from I to LX.

Now all I needed to do was fill in the joyous stuff after each Roman numeral. But my memory needed jogging. So that afternoon at the library I riffled through the pages of *The New York Times*, beginning with January 1, 1971. Time out here for two hours of riffling. . . .

Well, *The New York Times* may print all the news that's fit, but it is not a very happy paper. If you're looking for happiness, don't go searching for it in the *Times*. Not in the 1971 issues. The trouble there obviously is that the men who get out the *Times* don't go to New Year's Eve galas where they may be wished happy new years. Either that, or they go along with Byron: "History, with all her vast volumes, hath but one page." And none of the page-one stories has the happy history I'm reaching for.

History. There's the rub. History is always filled with unhappiness on the grand scale—immoral wars, civilizations toppling, kingdoms disintegrating, tyrants rising, people changing from the Republican to the Democratic Party. Things like that. So why rehearse error?

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," a décolletée young woman once said. "Man never is, but always to be, blest." The key words are "always to be." Promises, promises. And the year 1971 was filled with promise. Of course it was only coincidental that 1971 was phase one of the election campaign.

During the second phase, 1972, we are promised, our economy will be turned around, a generation of peace will be our blessing, the air will be cleared, employment will rise, a renewed life will be given the aged, youth will be shepherded back into the Establishment, and through neighborly and friendly communication all the nations of the world will, like the lion and the lamb, or even the dragon and the bear, lie down beside one another in their striving for world survival.

To ensure fulfillment of those promises, the President has already opened communication by announcing trips for friendly talks with Chou En-lai and Brezhnev. Furthermore, to break in the act, he is conferring with the heads of state of Canada, Britain, Germany, and Japan. One-night stands on the way to the big time—China and Russia, the chow mein and borsch circuit.

With this coming together of ally and foe, I feel happier now. Or at least well enough fortified to attend another gala New Year's Eve and to wish, and be wished, a happy, healthy, and prosperous 1972. You'll pardon me, when I shake hands, if my fingers are crossed. 'Tis the season to be jolly, tra-la-la.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Letter of the Week was found by Dr. Melvyn Haas of Boston in the New England *Journal of Medicine*:

AURAL PROPHYLASIX

To The Editor: Do not wash the plastic ear pieces of your stethoscope with fragrant, floral-scented soaps. If you do, bees will fly in your ears looking for honey.

Chico, Cal. Albert E. Warrens, M.D.

Well, Doc, every profession has its hazards. In any case, our Story of the Week was spotted by Pat Pachynski, Jr., in the Redwood City (California) *Tribune*:

LOS ANGELES, NEA—Darlene Fuentes, an 11th-year veteran of flying, is currently supervisor of hostess training for Continental Airlines. She says statistics prove that there are fewer divorces in families where the wife was a stewardess than for any other profession. . . . "You don't see many hostesses with flabby thigs," Mrs. Fuentes says. "Every time she works, she flexes her knees slightly, and lets her things do the work."

And if the work's too tough, we suppose, she thignals for help.

Last but not least, the prize for total confusion went to Jon Seifert, who culled this from the Temple City-El Monte *Valley Messenger*:

DINNER

Potluck Skillet Dish++

(1-6 of recipe)

Salad (Romaine-Mushroom-Green Pepper-Cucumber) with Italian Dressing (1 TBSP), Toasted Italian Bread (1 slice) erect bipeds that reproduce bisexually, that they reside on the fourth planet of a solar system that is dominated by water and has a certain organic chemistry working for it.

All of this brings us to a fourth question that Orgel said was discussed in the Soviet meeting. One must assume, he noted, that any other civilization that contacts us must be at least our level of advancement and probably way ahead of us.

The question then, Orgel said, is, if we get such a message do we really want to answer.

"After all," Orgel added with only a half-smile, "they might be butterfly collectors." with butter (1 pat), Chilled Canned Plums (½ cup) and Coffee-Tea.

What worries us is why only a *half*-smile.

If there is a fate worse than death for an author, it is to be face to face with a just-published *publisher*. And a fate a good deal worse than that is when the publisher in question—and aren't they all?—is not only the author's *own* publisher but also, horror of horrors, the recognized *dean* of American publishers.

Such was our sad case recently, however, when we had a pre-Christmas lunch at the Algonquin with that distinguished gentleman of the Old School and chairman of the board of Harper & Row. His name, of course, is Cass Canfield, and he is the author of *Up and Down and Around*—A Publisher Reflects on the Time of His Life (Harper's Magazine Press).

Mr. Canfield, we began sternly, most publishers choose to publish with houses other than their own. Why didn't he? Not that we *cared*, we added quickly, but there were *some* Harper's authors, we supposed, who might feel that there was no damn reason why, just because he was Cass Canfield, he . . .

"It's *not* my own house," Mr. Canfield interrupted us gently. " It's Harper's *Magazine* Press." A technical copout, we sniffed. "Not at all," Mr. Canfield continued. "Harper's Magazine Press is only *half* owned by us. It's a fifty-fifty thing with Harper's Magazine, and we don't own *any* of *Harper's* magazine."

But weren't there, we tried again, too many books anyway— without publishers writing them too? The other day we went into a bookstore and . . . .

"Why don't you try the Frankfort Book Fair," Mr. Canfield said. "There there are literally miles of books."

We're getting off the subject, we said. Who persuaded him to write a book? "My secretary, Ruth Hill," he said. "She nagged me and nagged me."

How, we pressed on, did a person who shall be nameless but whose misspent youth varied from playing flute in the Groton band to keeping track of all the liquor consumed at the Porcellian Club—and who, as a young man, walked across China—choose, of all ridiculous professions, publishing? "See," he said, "my book."

We wanted *new* material, we replied. "Not," he said, "at these prices. But I will tell you this. When I went to Oxford the don asked me, 'Wouldn't you like to study jurisprudence?' The only reason I didn't say yes was that I didn't know what it was."

In any case, after a short turn in the Harper's stockroom in New York, Mr. Canfield went to work in the Harper's office in London. What, we wanted to know, were the major differences in publishing between then and now? "You sound," he said, "as if it were the early 1800s. I'm not *that* old. But since you seem interested, I will tell you that, in 1818, when the Messrs. J. & J. Harper got hold of a book by Walter Scott, they were afraid the competition would get it out before they did. So they got the whole book out in twenty-four hours. Now, with all our modern miracles of technological progress, it takes us seven months."

We rephrased the question. What would be the first change someone would notice between the time when he started in 1924 and today? "What would hit you first," he said, "would be the size. I walked into a small country-club atmosphere—easy, pleasant, homey. The new boys were just coming —Boni and Liveright, Harcourt, Brace, Knopf, Random House, Simon and Schuster."

Were they different, we pursued, from the old boys? He shook his head. "A little livelier; they did more advertising; they were fresh minds. Today there are fewer regular producers than there were in those days—Walpole, Galsworthy, Bromfield, E. M. Delafield. I remember E. M. Delafield being worried about money—she supported her family. I asked her how often she had a statement from Macmillan. She told me, once a year. 'Why,' I suggested, 'don't you just call them and ask about your sales?' "

" 'Call!' she exclaimed. 'Macmillan!' "

"Golly," he said, "nowadays people go to sales for advice on editorial decisions. In those days, they didn't. Just the same, if I had my life to live over, I'd spend two or three years on the road—as a salesman."

How, we asked, did he see the future? "Well," he said, "there's only a handful of independents left, and there's a real danger that we'll all eventually be taken over by accountants. Maybe very skillful accountants, mind you. But still accountants. That's not publishing."

What, we asked, *is* publishing?

"See," he said again, "my book."

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1967)

GRACE NIES FLETCHER:
MERRY WIDOW

Riding the camel . . . wouldn't have been so bad if only the creature had gotten up all in one piece, but his behind rising tipped me almost over his head, and his front, unlimbering, all but shot me over his tail; I hoped he wouldn't decide to turn his head and spit, for I'd read that was most unpleasant.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Time to Talk Back

On June 22, 1970, Lawrence O'Brien, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, received a telegram from Frank Stanton, president of CBS, offering the Democratic Party twenty-five minutes of television time to present its views on public issues. CBS said that it wanted to achieve fairness and balance to overcome "the disparity between Presidential appearances and the opportunities available to the principal opposition party." President Nixon had made a number of major speeches on television, chiefly concerning the Vietnam issue, and had scheduled televised press conferences. Other Republicans had dominated the air in speeches, on news and interview programs, and in their visibility in news reports. CBS was offering the Loyal Opposition one program with which to offset "the cumulative impact" of the Republicans' broadcast appearances.

Mr. O'Brien accepted the CBS offer and went on the air July 7, 1970. He criticized and rebutted the President on the Indochina War and six other issues. The next day, the Republican National Committee asked for comparable time on CBS to reply to O'Brien's reply to President Nixon.

CBS didn't respond, and so Republicans appealed to the Federal Communications Commission, which ordered CBS to comply with the Republican request. You should have held O'Brien to the Indochina issue, said the commission to the network, and not let him talk about the other issues. We have a rule that can be applied to such a case, and you have to let a Republican answer the Democrats' answer to the Republicans. No fair, cried the Democrats. In 1968, you refused to let a Democratic spokesman reply to a Republican reply to President Johnson's State of the Union address. Why are you reversing yourself now? The FCC said that case was different—but it never explained why. Neither did the commission agree that the at best partial redress afforded the Democrats by the CBS offer would be vitiated by a second chance for the Republicans. In the future, asserted the Democrats, the networks will censor us or not give us any reply time at all.

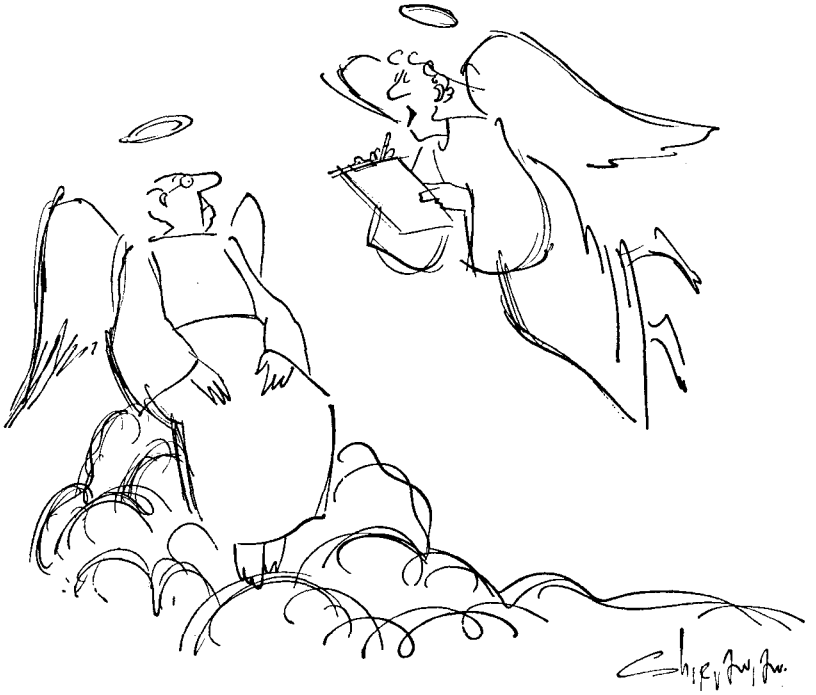
O'Brien took his case to the Court of Appeals, District of Columbia (CBS also asked that court to reverse the FCC), and the court—as it has done with some consistency in recent years—spanked the FCC thoroughly and refused to give the Republicans what it termed "two bites of the apple." You have a right to change your mind, the court said to the FCC (referring to the 1968 President Johnson episode), but you have to give us reasons—and that you have failed to do. As for the rule that you invoked in this case, you had better apply it cautiously in the future. The President's power over the media is great enough as it is, and if you give him twice the opportunity to influence public opinion as you do his critics, the result "strikes at the heart of representative democracy and imperils the very traditions upon which this nation is founded."

O'Brien and the Loyal Opposition presumably are breathing easier following the Court of Appeals decision. However, the reflections of Judge Skelly Wright, who wrote the unanimous decision of the three-man bench, inspire larger questions about "the built-in advantages of the Presidency in forging public opinion [which] have been used to an unprecedented degree."

The problem that has still not been confronted by the Democrats, the Republicans, the FCC, or the courts is: Can any party out of office redress the imbalance created by the President's power virtually to command the three television networks to carry a prime-time, uninterrupted, live address for which the entire electorate is available to him. How can a talk by the Loyal Opposition on one network—following a major, three-network Presidential speech, with its attendant publicity, authority, prestige, and visibility—possibly achieve a balanced presentation of opposing opinions, which is the goal of the FCC's Fairness Doctrine for political communication? The answer is simply that it cannot. The electorate can escape from the opposition spokesman by turning to one of the other two networks. It cannot escape from the President.

The next time O'Brien receives a telegram from a network inviting him to make a Loyal Opposition speech, he ought to accept and promptly ask the other two networks to carry his speech simultaneously. Chances are they would refuse; and then the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee could take the FCC and the Court of Appeals (possibly the Supreme Court) trail. O'Brien could consider it his duty, in light of the seriousness with which the District of Columbia court views the dangers inherent in letting the President's voice, already the most powerful in the land, become "a monolithic force," "the only voice."

This matter is not one of Democrats vs. Republicans, but concerns the powers and responsibilities of any political party that happens to be out of office. It would not be an easy matter to settle, for there is the thorny question of how the spokesman who replies to the President is to be selected. But sooner or later the issue must be faced if the principle of equal power to the three branches of our government is not to be permanently distorted through the power of television.



"What program were you watching?"

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A NEW QUEST FOR THE OLD RUSSIA

"Almost instinctively, as if facing a hard winter, the Russian people are reaching back into their past for spiritual and intellectual nourishment."

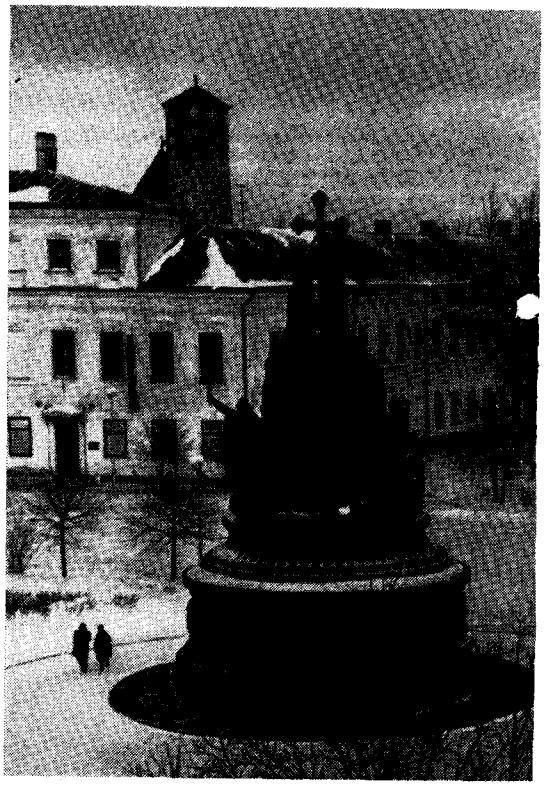
by GEORGIE ANNE GEYER

Returning after four years to the Soviet Union—the country that aimed to destroy religion and replace it with Marxist internationalism—I could at first barely believe what I was seeing. At the Smolny Institute in Leningrad, my guide pointed to the beautiful adjoining blue-and-white church and said smartly, as if it were the most normal thing in the world, "We just put the crosses back on the church this year." The golden crosses gleamed in the sun—the same sun that, since 1917, has seen churches burned, looted, and used as pool halls, storage warehouses, and museums of atheism.

In Novgorod, when I walked into the Cathedral of St. Sophia in that ancient city's kremlin, recorded Orthodox church music was playing, as Russian tourists sat and stood listening intently. Church music has rarely been heard in the U.S.S.R. since the Revolution.

In Moscow, I visited the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Landmarks and found that no fewer than six million Soviet citizens of all ages are now deeply engaged in the work of this *voluntary* organization to restore and save the symbols of the old Russia. "Voluntary" organizations are practically unknown in Russia.

And at *Yunost*, one of the country's most popular magazines for youth, an editor told me, "One of the differences in the young people today is they are reading the reactionary Orthodox phi-



Georgie Anne Geyer is a roving foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*. Her latest book, *The New 100 Years War* (Doubleday), will be released in February.

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Photos from Sovfoto

Renewing faith in Russia: (top left) volunteer worker with Society for the Preservation of Ancient Landmarks; (bottom left) Moscow's Cathedral of the Znamensky Monastery during restoration; (below) St. Sophia Cathedral in Novgorod, where "Orthodox church music has rarely been heard since the Revolution."

losophers from before the Revolution. The idea is they should know what they are against in these works." This has *not* been the idea of the state over the past fifty years.

What is happening? It is one of the most fascinating and broad-reaching currents of spiritual and intellectual development in Russia today: a return to Russian nationalism and even to nineteenth-century Slavophilism (what Leon Trotsky, always the internationalist, ungenerously called "the messianism of backwardness").

"It is Russian nationalism," says Dr. Edward Keenan, leading Sovietologist of the Russian Research Institute at Harvard University. "It tends to be a conservative and anti-industrial movement that has enormous affinity for the old days: for peasants and for things unspoiled by politics. And one of the wonderful things about the old Russia, of course, is that it's not Marxist."

This phenomenon has arisen out of what many young Russian writers and even officials acknowledge as a "spiritual emptiness" in Soviet life. And, although, at least at this stage, it does not point to any return to religion in a traditional sense, it does signify a deep and profound search for values in life in a post-Marxist, industrialized, dull, and spiritually vacuous society.

Cut off from the tentative modern answers being put forward by the rest of the world, the younger Russians are searching in the only place open to them: their own past. Here the only voluptuous spiritual ideas they come on besides those of the "Westernizers," which are closed to them today, are the God-seeking ones of the nineteenth-century Slavophiles, those apocalyptic Russians who stoutly believed in the spiritual superiority of the Slavs, the moral bankruptcy of the West and the mission of Muscovy, the "third Rome."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the "movement," if it can be called that, is that it was in no way formed or forced by the state. On the contrary, it arose spontaneously, on many levels and in many places at once, and always in an individual and voluntary manner, which obviously reflects some great need felt—across age and cultural and professional groups—by masses of Russians. Once its popularity became too obvious to ignore, it was co-opted by the Komsomol (the Young Communist League) as well as by other agencies of the government.

If there is one watershed date of the public beginnings of this new phenomenon, it is probably 1965, when a group of the cultural and scientific intelligentsia, having become concerned about rescuing Russia's cultural heritage from the growing voraciousness of the Soviet Marxist bulldozer, started the remarkable Society for the Preservation of National Monuments. Today, with six million members (almost all from the Greater Russian peoples) who pay 30 kopecks, or about 30 cents, a year, the organization works with the government on restoration projects but actually operates on a private basis. It raises millions of rubles a year for restoration work, mostly on old churches and monasteries, inspires children to seek out historical ruins and legends among the populace, and sends students and specialists all over the country to help on projects.

The home of the society in Moscow is itself a lovely nineteenth-century monastery. Like so much of old Russia, it is somehow unfinished and neglected, but also wild and free. The courts behind the facade facing the street are lined with age-mellowed buildings and high-growing grass and wildflowers.

Inside the building, Vladimir Ivanov, a soft-spoken, white-haired art historian and a member of the society's presidium, explained the origins of the society. "People living in the big cities want to learn the sort of life of other times," he said, leaning back in his chair. "The new construction, too, is

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somehow a contradiction of nature, whereas the old monasteries are allied with nature and the old churches do not deprive you of a feeling of the trees. Many of the admirers of the old monasteries are scientists. They have found that physics is not enough to satisfy man—they need something to excite the mind and the soul."

Something to excite the mind and the soul might be the description of one project in Novgorod. For the past six years, an art historian, Aleksandr Petrovich Grekov, aided by thirty-five students sent out by the society, has been piecing together 440 cases' worth of tiny pieces of frescoes from the fourteenth-century Monastery of the Savior on Kobolyov Hill, destroyed by the Nazis in World War II. The pieces were deep in the ground and have been dug up, matched, and newly placed together; soon a new church will be built to house them.

The mysticism surrounding this project is typical of the mysticism latent in all of these restoration efforts. "There is a mystic communication between the artist and this work," Grekov said, sitting in his studio amid these living ruins. "Sometimes I think I am getting a bit crazy. I will take two pieces of the frescoes and they seem to unite, to go together by themselves. The students tell me they experience the same feeling."

A similar phenomenon is happening in the field of music. Here, the stellar figure is the famous pianist Andrei Volkonsky—a romantic figure to many young Russians because he is the grandson and namesake of the immortal Prince Andrei of *War and Peace*. A commanding and memorable individual, Volkonsky six years ago launched what has now become a wildly popular renaissance of early pre-Peter the Great (and thus pre-European influence) Orthodox church music. He organized a performing group called the Madrigals, who now give a hundred totally sold-out concerts a year all over the Soviet Union. He personally had searched out and decoded the music, which had lain untouched in old libraries and monasteries.

Volkonsky, a spare young man with long black hair, sat in the National Hotel restaurant in Moscow one day recently and told me, "For thousands of people, particularly students, this ancient classical music has replaced pop music. In a way, it's a kind of social experiment."

However, perhaps nowhere is the "social experiment" or the "search" so interesting as in the literary realm. In the underground *samizdat* (literally, "self-published") press, which consists of hand-typed carbon copies passed from hand to hand, there are now underground Slavophile "magazines," such as *Vecha* (the word the early Slavophiles used for their town meetings) and *The Word of the Nation*, the contents of which typify the blood nationalism of the extremist Slavophiles.

On a far more important level is the debate in the official press. The youth journals have been so filled of late with references to white stone churches, golden domes, and Christian saints (many portrayed for the first time since the Revolution as national heroes) that the more sedate magazine *Sovietskaya Rossiya* warned recently: "This undue emphasis on gilded cupolas detracts from the display of what Russia has achieved during fifty years of Soviet rule. . . . We must treat [patriotism and pride] from only clear Marxist positions."

The major weight of the debate, however, has proceeded in a most unlikely vehicle, the Komsomol's popular magazine *Molodaya Gvardiya* ("Young Guard"). Here, two popular young writers, Vladimir Soloukhin and Viktor Chalmayov, have sparked the debate.

In 1968, Chalmayov, the more controversial, printed an article entitled "Inevitabilities," in which he declared that the great, crude, industrialized society was getting into trouble because it lacked spiritual values. Coming from a man whose idols are Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, and Joseph Stalin and for whom Peter's merit was not that he opened a window to Europe for closed and secretive Russia but that he gave Europe a window to "virtuous Russia," it was obvious where his ideas were leading.

Not surprisingly, trouble followed.

"His theme was that if it was old, then it was good," Igor Zaharoskho, an editor of *Molodaya Gvardiya*, told me in the journal's office. "He wanted to take everything old and use it today. He forgot that first you have to have a class position."

Others soon reminded him. At one point, the discussion reached such a pitch nationally that Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev warned that patriotism was good but that extremes of patriotism represented the dangers of a departure from class consciousness. But the real attack has been waged by the state's atheistic journal *Nauka i Religii* ("Science and Religion"), which attacked the implicit religiosity of Chalmayov and much of the new Slavophilism; by the Western-oriented liberals of the magazine *Novyi Mir* ("New World"), who opposed its backwardness; and by party ideologist Mikhail Suslov himself, who has talked about it as being inimical to party creed.

Here, of course, is the inevitable core of controversy in such ideas. The Soviet Union is established in its ideology as a Marxist internationalist state, embracing all peoples and negating the need for any further search for meaning in life, while the new Slavophiles would carry the state back to the ingrown, purely Russian nationalism of the past. What's more, the Russian nationalist position brings together some of the most unlikely bedfellows, thus confusing the whole picture: Nobel Prize-winner and "out" writers Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (a believer in God and in the Russian mission), dissident writer Andrei Sinyavsky (who described himself in his trial as a Pan-Slav), and, to a lesser degree, the Nobel Prize-winning, conservative writer Mikhail Sholokov.

But is all of this controversy really important? Will "the movement" significantly influence the development of the future of the Soviet Union, or will it simply be absorbed eventually into the massive authoritarian pillow that is the Soviet state?

The numbers of Soviets influenced by this "discussion" or by the movement itself are enormous. Aside from the members of the society, millions read the magazines involved in the debate and fifty million Soviet tourists (a number that has doubled since 1964) this year scoured the U.S.S.R.'s historic spots in their dogged Russian way. And in terms of restoration, the preservationists have been extraordinarily successful.

The society, through its persistent efforts, was able to save such valuable landmarks as the six old churches surrounding the big (4,000 rooms) new Hotel Rossiya in Moscow, the Romanov Palace, the English court built by Ivan the Terrible, and Kolomenskoye, the thirteenth-century village near Moscow that was the site of the summer residence of the Czars. "We got our backs up and fought to preserve these areas," Professor Pyotr A. Volodin, the Ministry of Culture official in charge of preservation and a leading member of the society, commented recently.

As to the literary scene, the fact that young Russians are now permitted to read such formerly forbidden pre-Revolution writers as the anti-Slavophile Vladimir Solovyov (who once wrote that "Russia must not allow herself to be seduced by those who call her saintly merely to prevent her from becoming just"), the brilliant Orthodox philosopher Nikolai Berdyaev, and the ardent Slavophiles Ivan Kireyevsky and Ivan Aksakov indicates a general reaching out beyond the intellectual prison walls of the Soviet period. Since they cannot reach out around them today, they are reaching out to the past, and the Soviet state, for reasons not entirely clear in the West, is permitting them to do this. Three years ago a Russian translation of the Polish

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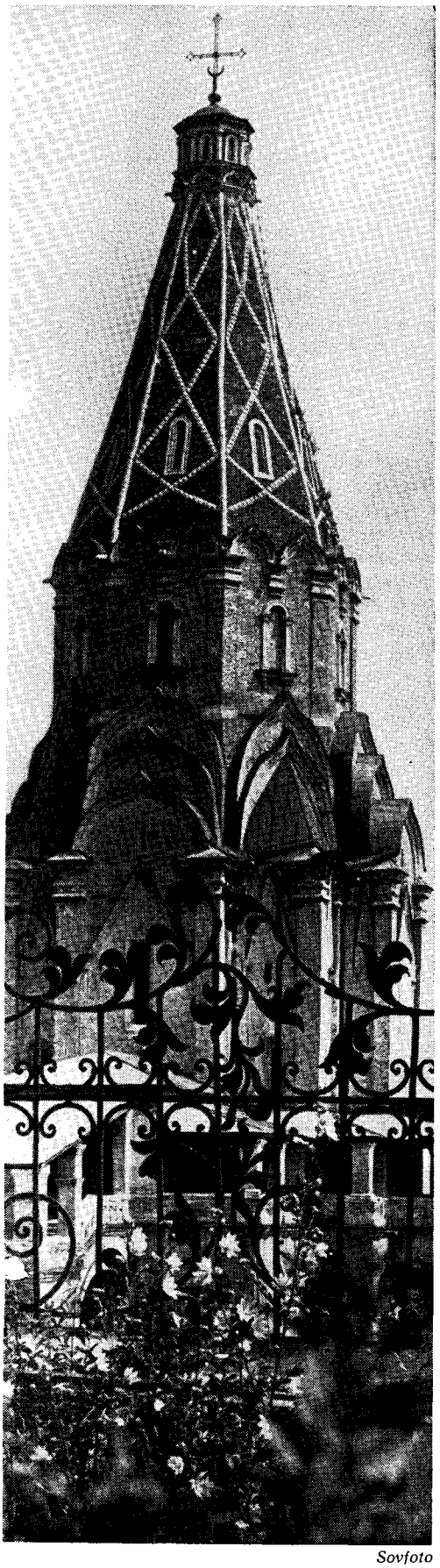

Sovfoto

The newly restored sixteenth-century Church of the Ascension at Kolomenskoye, former site of the Czars' summer residence—"the preservationists have been extraordinarily successful."

author Zenon Kasidowski's *Tales from the Bible* was even issued (and immediately sold out). "The first break in the exorcism of silence surrounding the Bible in Communist countries," *Novyi Mir* editorialized.

If all these signs do not point toward a renewal of interest in religion per se (although almost surely they *would* if there were real religious freedom), what do they mean?

First, they are an indication of the intellectual and spiritual (though not the economic) vacuity of fifty years of Marxism. Materially, the country has progressed, and it has progressed to a point where new needs now come into play—needs for which the system has few answers.

Interestingly enough, the two phenomena that have developed spontaneously in the past five years—the reawakened quest for spirituality and the dissident political movement—almost exactly parallel the two major trends of the last century: the Slavophiles and the Westernizers. The first, that which looks inward to everything mystic and Russian, and the second, that which looks outward to everything rational and Western. In terms of food for real spiritual thought, clearly there has been little since then.

These phenomena have probably occurred now, not only because the material level in the U.S.S.R. today is high enough to permit such intellectual meanderings and because there is enough freedom to muddle about a little more, but also because there is a sharp resurgence of the primeval Russian fear of threats from outside. "Czechoslovakia had a lot to do with it," one Sovietologist said, referring to the threat from the West, in particular West Germany, that many Soviets genuinely (if mistakenly) felt from the 1968 liberalization there. "And China does, too. They know they're not reproducing."

He was referring to the fact that the purely Russian birth rate is so low that the Russians are not maintaining their numbers while the Soviet Asiatic populations, almost all lying dangerously on the perimeters of Mongolia and China, are reproducing at such a heady rate that some demographers estimate that in from thirty to fifty years "Russia" will be a predominantly Asiatic country. Considering these predictions, plus the increasingly obstreperous claims for more independence by various nationalities (such as the Ukrainians, the Moldavians, the Jews, the Armenians, and the Crimean Tatars), it is clear that the Russian people, who have totally controlled the levers of power since 1917, are reacting by partially retreating into their old cocoon. Almost instinctively, as if facing a hard winter, they are reaching back into their past for spiritual and intellectual nourishment.

What Slavophilism—an archaic and amorphous philosophy by any measurement—will or could mean to modern Russia in real terms is not nearly so clear as are the reasons for its resurgence. In their time, the Slavophiles advocated emancipation of the peasants, but they totally rejected the Western-style constitutionalism and laws that the Westernizers wanted. They celebrated Russia's closed qualities: its dark peasant masses, its familial clans, and its *sobornost*, or "togetherness," in the church.

Yet, ironically, this archaic philosophy, by the historic quirk of a great leap backwards, is today serving to open the Soviet age, to break the taboos of reading books of the non-Soviet era, and to initiate a search. While the search is, at this moment, into the past, one has to remember that, muddling about in the past, the curious are also going to find the Westernizing philosophers and even the pure communists, who are quite different from the Kremlin-style of today.

"This generation is more free," the famous Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky told me one day. "It wants to find answers to everything, and it needs philosophical answers. It is more quiet than my generation. It is reading the old philosophers, whereas we read only popular writers. It is even reading Marx. In our age, not many read Marx. We read *about* Marx." He went on to say that only poetry would change his country or any other country. "If something changes, poetry has to do it," he insisted vehemently. "What else will do it? Poetry connects people with ideas. What else? The trade unions? Who? Who?"

Perhaps this sums up the situation. In its essence, the search through the old Russia is a metaphysical, poetical search, with an undoubted magic about it. It takes you into deep, dark woods that have always had a quiet sense of doom about them. It takes you to the White Sea, where the summer sun draws a white film between you and the world. And it takes you into the Dostoevskian, Tolstoyan passions of the past, and away from the fleshless, tiresome, utilitarian passions of the present. It restores beauty and mystery to a country whose system thought it could squeeze the need for them out of people.

A Russian sculptor-friend of mine, when asked why so many of his friends and colleagues were hanging icons in their apartments, said simply, "Because they're beautiful. We want things made by man, not by a machine, something that someone put love into, something human. We're tired of machines. We've become machines ourselves."

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SCENARIO FOR AN AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

"Sometimes it is easier to solve ten interlocking problems simultaneously than to solve one by itself."

by HARRISON BROWN

Throughout history nations have risen from obscurity to greatness and have remained dominant for a time, only to dwindle in importance as other nations have in turn reached their own levels of greatness. Is this sequence of birth, growth, maturity, decline, and death inevitable for nations, as it is for people? Historians have debated this question for many decades but cannot agree. The temptation is strong to conclude that because nations have always died in the past, it is inevitable that they will continue to die in the future. Perhaps this is so. Yet the condition of the world is today so dramatically different from what it has ever been in the past that such a forecast might well be wrong.

When we examine the full spectrum of horrendous problems confronting America today, it is easy enough to get the feeling that we are headed on the downward path that will lead us eventually to oblivion. Yet, upon examining our assets on the positive side of the ledger—our cultural and political heritage, our industrial base, our vast resources, our capacity for innovation—I sometimes find that my pessimism, which is deep, is offset by a feeling of optimism that is difficult to describe, but that is nevertheless there. Many things are happening in America today, often too rapidly for us to fully comprehend their significance. It might well be that we have reached a turning point, that after years of downward drift we are paving the way for a new level of civilization, unprecedented in man's history.

I am convinced that the problems confronting us today, both domestic and international, are soluble from a purely technological point of view. In spite of their formidable nature, I even suggest that they are soluble from a political point of view. Deprivation, misery, and ugliness are inexcusable, not only in the United States but in the world as a whole.

During the past few years, we in the United States have engaged in a great deal of soul-searching, and I suspect we might soon be ready to accept some major political innovations. Given leadership in both political parties determined to bring about a miracle, we can initiate an American renaissance in which our vitality and ingenuity would be mobilized for the peaceful reconstruction and revitalization of our own country and for the peaceful creation of a world in which all people could lead free and abundant lives.

A precondition of our doing this, however, is a realization that we live in a rapidly changing world. For example, not so very long ago the United States produced considerably more steel than did all other nations of the world put together. Today, the rest of the world produces three times as much steel as we do. Some persons look upon such changes as ominous. Rather, we should look upon them as being healthy as long as they are reflections of changes for the better outside the United States and not reflections of stagnation within. It is highly unlikely, however, that we can remain top dog forever. But if we handle ourselves properly, we can remain a viable and strong world force far into the future.

A second precondition for solving our problems is a realization that all of them are interlocked, with the result that they cannot be solved piecemeal. They must be approached as a *set* of problems, each of which interacts with the others. Sometimes it is easier to solve ten interlocking problems simultaneously than to solve one by itself.

A third precondition is the existence of leadership that has the determination to solve these problems and that is willing to modify institutions within the federal government so as to better enable us to experiment, to change, and to develop new approaches.

It seems clear that the problems now confronting us are of such magnitude that major surgery is required if they are to be solved in time. There are, of course, no unique solutions. The examples of possible approaches cited below are simply illustrative of the types of surgical operations that I believe to be both necessary and possible.

In the first place, the problems of our cities, of poverty, of our environment, of health, of education are so vast that we should look forward to mobilizing our resources much as we would mobilize them in time of war. The situation is such that virtually every dollar that can be made available to this end could be absorbed. The deficit is great, and the absorptive capacity is enormous. To a certain extent, the necessary funds might come from increased taxation. But a far more effective route, considering our entire complex of problems, would be for us to engineer a dramatic decrease in our level of military expenditures.

I like to dream of a moment in history when, in a major policy statement, the President of the United States would make the following points:

For years we have tried the classical system of negotiation with respect to armaments. In large measure, negotiation has failed because, for good reason, there is no trust. The Soviet Union and the United States have made their plans on the basis that each nation expects the other to behave in the worst possible way. Perhaps the time has come when nations should take unilateral steps designed to make trust a believable concept. A series of unilateral steps designed to increase trust is not the same thing as unilateral disarmament.

It is our intention to decrease our military expenditures by a factor of two, in constant dollars, over the next

This article is adapted from the Robert Kennedy Duncan Memorial Lecture presented by Harrison Brown last spring upon receipt of the fourth Mellon Institute Award by the Carnegie-Mellon University.

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five years. Our first cut, effective during the next budget year, will be by 10 per cent. If our intelligence indicates that the Soviet Union has restrained itself from expanding its strategic attack and defense forces during that period, we will decrease our military expenditures during the following year by an additional 10 to 15 per cent. If our evidence indicates that the Soviet Union is actually decreasing its military expenditures, we will adjust the rate of our own decrease accordingly.

Despite those who complain that our program of arms reduction is endangering our security, the fact remains that it can place us in no greater jeopardy than we are in today. Present levels of weaponry greatly exceed those required for deterrence. Even a reduction of military expenditures by a factor of two would leave us with an effective retaliatory power that would discourage even the insane from launching an attack. The Soviets are not insane.

Although we will be cutting our military expenses in half during this five-year period, we will by no means be cutting our effective defense capabilities in half. Rather, we will eliminate a great deal of waste, duplication, and overextension. Our defense competence will still be formidable.

We hope that by the end of the five-year period bilateral negotiations with the Soviets, coupled with multilateral negotiations within the United Nations, will result in agreements for arms reduction and in the establishment of effective U.N. peace-keeping machinery, which would enable us to decrease our military expenditures still further. Specifically, we hope that we might soon reach agreements freezing weapons systems, banning underground nuclear testing, and eliminating or at least stabilizing antiballistic missile systems.

It is our intention to divide our savings in military expenditures into two halves. The first half will be used for massive domestic programs aimed at ameliorating the problems of our cities and the environment, and at developing better education, transportation, housing, and health delivery systems. The second half of the savings will be used externally—for the reconstruction of Indochina, for capital and technical assistance to developing countries, for strengthening the United Nations, for developing greatly expanded cultural exchange programs, and for modernizing and making more effective our means of formulating and conducting foreign policy.

With respect to the reconstruction of Indochina, we are prepared to invest as much capital and to tender as much technical assistance as is desired by the recipients, and as much as can, in the opinion of international teams, be effectively absorbed.

As a further step aimed at increasing trust, it is our intention to abolish all of those elements within the Central Intelligence Agency that are of a paramilitary nature or whose function it is to influence directly the internal affairs of other nations. For our own protection we will strengthen appropriately all of the purely information-gathering and information-analyzing functions of the agency.

With respect to assistance to developing countries, we are prepared to enter into an agreement that will obligate all nations with an above-average or affluent standard of living to contribute approximately 1 per cent of their GNP each year to a fund for the acceleration of the development process in the poorer countries. Most of the capital assistance given in this way would flow through the international organizations. Some factors that would determine the level of help a recipient country might receive would include the country's ability to effectively absorb capital, its own per capita income, and its level of military expenditures.

We propose that a conference be called within two years to consider revision of the U.N. Charter. In the quarter century since the founding of the United Nations, the world has changed dramatically. The present structure is anachronistic, and the organization is really unable to cope effectively with contemporary problems. We must recognize that the United Nations needs a great deal of strengthening, particularly in the areas of partial disarmament and arms control.

With respect to our foreign policy, we propose a major reorganization of our mechanisms for policy determination, which will give us more flexibility and maneuverability than we have at present. Our first objective will be to endow the Department of State with more influence over these matters than the Department of Defense and the Central Intelligence Agency together now exert. We recognize, however, that if this revolutionary step is to be effective, the Department of State itself must be reorganized. As presently constituted and financed, the department is simply not able to deal adequately with our international problems.

With respect to our domestic programs, within the bounds set by our limited knowledge, we intend to invest heavily in new cities, new transportation systems, new approaches to education, health delivery systems, environmental protection, crime, and law enforcement. We recognize, however, that we have much to learn; therefore, we intend to mobilize massive research and development programs aimed at developing new approaches to the solutions of these critical problems, which are in part technological, in part social, in part political.

We recognize that the Congress of the United States as presently organized is incapable of coming to grips with the current complex of national problems. It is governed in large measure by old men who still live in a world that might have existed once but that will never exist again. The entire system is antiquated and inefficient. It operates in such a way that the welfare of the country as a whole is subordinated to the welfare of special interest groups and individuals. Congress must reorganize itself and change its ways of doing business. As a start, we urge consideration of a compulsory retirement age for senators and, related to that, the elimination of the seniority system.

There are those who will undoubtedly say that such drastic curtailment of military budgets and related programs is a manifestation of a new form of isolationism. Nothing could be further from the truth. Rather, we would be replacing an obsolete and ineffective means of influencing our relationships with the rest of the world by an effective and relatively civilized one. Further, those who charge isolationism should consider the huge nonmilitary economic commitment that the United States already has overseas. Such companies as IBM, General Electric, General Motors, and Standard Oil derive much of their profits from overseas operations. Half of our wheat production and half of our soybeans are sold abroad. We import huge quantities of oil, metals, and other raw materials. We have huge involvements in international corporations. One can hardly call this isolationism.

Is such a scenario simply a fanciful dream that can never be? Are we destined to continue down the present path to catastrophe? I think not. With each passing day more and more Americans are becoming fed up and are asking why we continue to do what we are doing. I suspect that we are not far from the point when enough people will be fed up to trigger an American renaissance that can carry us into an age of unprecedented greatness as a nation.

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Report to the Readers

A profile in the Press section of a recent issue of *Time* magazine was titled—most likely with a sense of both pride and loss—"The Consummate Professional." The subject of the profile was an editor and newsman who was resigning as senior editor of the magazine's World section. His list of accomplishments and areas of expertise would unquestionably be noteworthy if found in a man twenty years his senior, but in thirty-seven-year-old Ronald Kriss the list is all the more impressive.

And so it is with a considerable amount of pride that I introduce Ron Kriss as the executive editor of *Saturday Review*. In this position, a new one at the magazine, he will work closely with me in administering, editing, and revitalizing *SR*, and specifically in the directing and coordinating of the four expanded supplements of the magazine.

The first contact Kriss had with *SR* came last month when he met with John Veronis, my associate and the president of Saturday Review Industries. As they discussed the envisioned new directions of *SR* at length, what had originally been scheduled as a short meeting became a three-hour talk

Ronald Kriss

John later told me that in his opinion Kriss was exactly the person we were looking for to help me direct and expand *SR*'s operations. He is young, John said, forceful, imaginative, and a professional editor whose experience has covered an incredibly wide range of events and issues. Other people in the publishing field confirmed John's appraisal.

Since we were looking for a man with such high-caliber credentials, I set up an appointment with Kriss for a Sunday brunch that weekend at my apartment. Again, the scheduled meeting extended late into the afternoon. At first, I wanted to find out about Kriss the individual, not the editor. I asked him what he had done immediately after graduating from high school. (I had earlier learned that Kriss had graduated at the age of sixteen from Brooklyn's Samuel J. Tilden High School with a 95.9 grade average.) "Actually, I was only fourth in my class," Kriss said. "There were a few *real* brains around."

Kriss told me that although he had applied for other scholarships, he was surprised when he won the full-tuition Hans V. Kaltenborn Scholarship to Harvard.

While at Harvard, Kriss went to work on the *Harvard Crimson*, the college's daily, independent newspaper. During summers, he was a car washer, then a lifeguard, then a busboy, and finally a stringer for the Boston *Globe*.

"When I graduated, I went right to *The New York Times* and got a job as a copyboy," Kriss said. "I wanted to be a journalist, and I figured the *Times* would be as good a place as any to start." After several months at the paper, he was drafted and shipped to Korea. However, he still wanted to be a journalist, and as a public information specialist he was able to set up a newspaper for the Seoul area command.

When his Army hitch was over, Kriss returned to New York City and entered the Columbia School of Journalism. "I didn't have to pay for it—the GI Bill took care of that—but I was still terribly impatient to get to work. Then I had a very lucky break. Three Pulitzer traveling fellowships were awarded, and I got one of them."

Kriss went to Tokyo and joined the International News Service, filing features and political stories covering all of Asia. When INS merged with United Press, Kriss was the only correspondent in Asia retained by the new organization. "China became something of a specialty for me. I was in Japan during the fall of Tibet and the Great Leap Forward. Then came the beginning of the Sino-Soviet friction. It was a rich time to be based in Tokyo and be reporting on the Asian scene."

In 1959, Kriss returned to New York. "I loved Japan, but I was getting to feel like an illiterate there. My two-year-old daughter spoke the language better than I did. I spent the next year editing the UPI world wire and that was an experience, too. I sat in a room with fourteen wire tickers all going at the same time, and I had to pull the news off them and select which stories should be sent out on the world service. It was a good training ground for making decisions and setting priorities quickly and for editing at top speed."

Kriss went from UPI to the New York *Daily News*, where he wrote and edited the What in the World section each week. "I had to research and write four to six features in a matter of a few days. But in about a year an opportunity came along to join *Time*, and I took it. I considered *Time* the best edited of the news weeklies."

Kriss started out on the traditional first rung at *Time*: compiling the Milestones section. Before long, he was writing for departments throughout the magazine.

He permanently joined the National Affairs section of the magazine during one of the most crucial times in American history: November 1963. "My first cover story was on Washington hostesses, and the following week John Kennedy was assassinated. During the next year, I had cover stories on the Harlem riots, almost every member of the Cabinet, and I wrote 'The Man of the Year' stories in 1964, '65, and '67. Politically, *Time* started off taking a hawkish stand on Vietnam. In 1967 the stand began turning around. It was quite a relief for me."

In much the same way that Kriss had

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been rotated into virtually every section of *Time* as a writer, he was appointed a senior editor—at thirty-four the youngest on the staff at the time. He edited sections of the magazine, four or five at a time, including Books, Music, Art, Cinema, Education, Press, Science, Law, Space, and Sports. "In August of 1969, I took over the World, as they say. I became World editor."

The string of cover stories Kriss edited from that point on reads like a summation of recent history. The death of Ho Chi Minh. Biafra. The war in Cambodia. Golda Meir. The turmoil in the Middle East. Canadian terrorists. The death of Charles de Gaulle. The fighting in Northern Ireland. And during that time, Kriss got a firsthand look at the world he was covering, taking a trip that carried him to Moscow, Helsinki, Bonn, and London.

"A few months after I returned, I had an opportunity to go overseas again—this time to Asia. I wanted to return to that part of the world, but I was stopped by an accident—a foolish one, you might say. I was playing second base for the *Time* softball team and a guy came up and hit a wicked line drive toward right field. I lunged for it, and it hit me square on my ring finger. Doubled it up like an accordion. It was fractured, and I had to have my hand in a cast for a month, which pretty well put me out of commission. But when spring rolled around, I was back playing for the team.

"One afternoon we were practicing in Central Park and I was in the outfield shagging fly balls. A high one was hit over my head and I went for it with another lunge. And, yes, it got me. Same finger. Dislocated."

I had grown to like Ron during our first conversation. I admired his experience and was impressed by his excitement about what we were doing here at *SR*. We talked about our personal philosophies concerning magazines and editorial responsibility. I found that we were speaking the same language and had the same kind of ideals and sense of priorities. But I had to know one thing about that second accident. "After that first time, Ron," I said, "after that first painful experience in a softball game, why on earth did you take such a chance trying to make a catch in a practice session?"

"I wanted to catch that damn ball," he said. And I liked that, too.

Beginning this week, Ron Kriss, as executive editor, will take over some of the functions I have been performing. Working in tandem, we will proceed to double the editorial staff and take other steps toward the goal of making *SR* a major national magazine that combines strong general appeal and in-depth specialized journalism.

Nicolas H. Charney

Letters to the Editor

Going Through Changes

"Crimes Without Victims" by Alexander B. Smith and Harriet Pollack [*SR*, Dec. 4] is quite timely and hopefully may lead the way to both administrative changes and legislative changes in criminal justice.

The American Federation of Police has, in the past year, polled its members, and the vast majority of police would like to see legalized, taxed gambling and changes in laws regarding prostitution. . . .

Changes must be made in criminal justice, or the breakdown in our system of government will be tragic.

Gerald S. Arenberg,
Executive Director,
American Federation of Police,
North Miami, Fla.

"Crimes Without Victims" is an informative, needed exposition of the high cost of enforcing majority morality as a part of our criminal law system. But there is much more light at the end of the deontological tunnel than the article reports.

For example, just this January first a complete new criminal code goes into effect in Oregon. Former sin-crimes of homosexuality, adultery, and lewd cohabitation are wiped out. Other victimless crimes are repealed or provisions are ameliorated in the areas of private gambling, prostitution, and possession of marijuana.

Both the American Law Institute's *Model Penal Code*, now out over a decade, and Britain's *Wolfenden Report* are directed toward some of the same targets.

The criticisms by Smith and Pollack might have been more productive if they had been coupled with an outline of the procedures used to produce change and the successes achieved to date. States that are leading out in this troubled field deserve notice and encouragement. Their experience will be more effective than exhortation in propelling this country toward acceptance of a distinction between sin and crime.

Senator Edward N. Fadeley,
Oregon State Senate,
Salem, Ore.

Copyright Complications

Dan Lacy's article "The © Quagmire" [*SR*, Nov. 27] was most timely and informative.

Although the complex problem of copyright as it applies to cable television has been partially responsible for the delay in the passage of the Copyright Revision Bill, the recent adoption by competing interests of the compromise promoted by the Office of Telecommunications Policy hopefully will result in the Senate's taking up this problem next year.

J. Patrick Michaels, Jr.,
Vice President, TM Communications,
Tampa, Fla.

Dan Lacy omitted one further inadequacy in the copyright mess, namely, the lack of provision for some compensation to the author for books bought by libraries. Of course, most of those who read a book free would not buy a copy if they had to pay for it; yet, on the other hand, the author does lose an appreciable amount of money since dozens or hundreds of people read his book but all the royalty he gets is on the copy or copies the library buys. In some countries (e.g., the Scandinavian) a small payment is made to the author every time a library copy of his book is taken out; our copyright law should make a similar provision.

Miriam Allen DeFord,
San Francisco, Calif.

Black (Air) Power

Having just belatedly read Robert Lewis Shayon's column "Black-Oriented" [TV-RADIO, Sept. 25], I feel it necessary to defend black-oriented radio as I have known it, as a disc jockey and, primarily, as a newsman.

I am willing to concede that, in many cases, black-oriented radio does not do the kind of job it could do in serving black communities. However, my experience has indicated that Mr. Shayon's blanket indictment of black-oriented radio stations as constituting a "social danger with explosive potential" is unwarranted.

I am a former employee of WDAO (FM), Dayton, Ohio; I left because I was drafted. WDAO, a black-oriented station, failed in many ways to do some of the things I would like to have seen it do. But it most emphatically was not the kind of exploitative operation Shayon describes. Let me address myself to several points he brought out.

First, WDAO did do investigative reporting in the black community. I personally was responsible for some of that reporting. WDAO did air news analysis; again, I was partially responsible for it. We did not, and the station to this day does not, engage in "rip 'n' read" journalism. We covered, wrote, and reported the news, with actualities.

Second, while our dominant music format was, indeed, rhythm and blues, we did not ignore other aspects of black culture, musical or nonmusical. WDAO aired all types of black music and broadcast a long series of programs on black history, and to the best of my knowledge, it still does.

WDAO's commercial policy did not allow advertisers on the air who were not reputable. Furthermore, WDAO carried on a program of aid to black businesses, providing free advertising to help get them started.

While I will be the first to admit that more could and should be done, I feel that the picture of black-oriented radio given by Shayon was extremely negative. Much has been done by black-oriented radio, and I am proud and grateful to have been associated with it. Black radio at its best is challenging, dynamic, and creative. I hope someday to be involved with it again. By the way, I happen to be white.

Howell L. Gatchell, Jr.,
APO Seattle, Wash.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

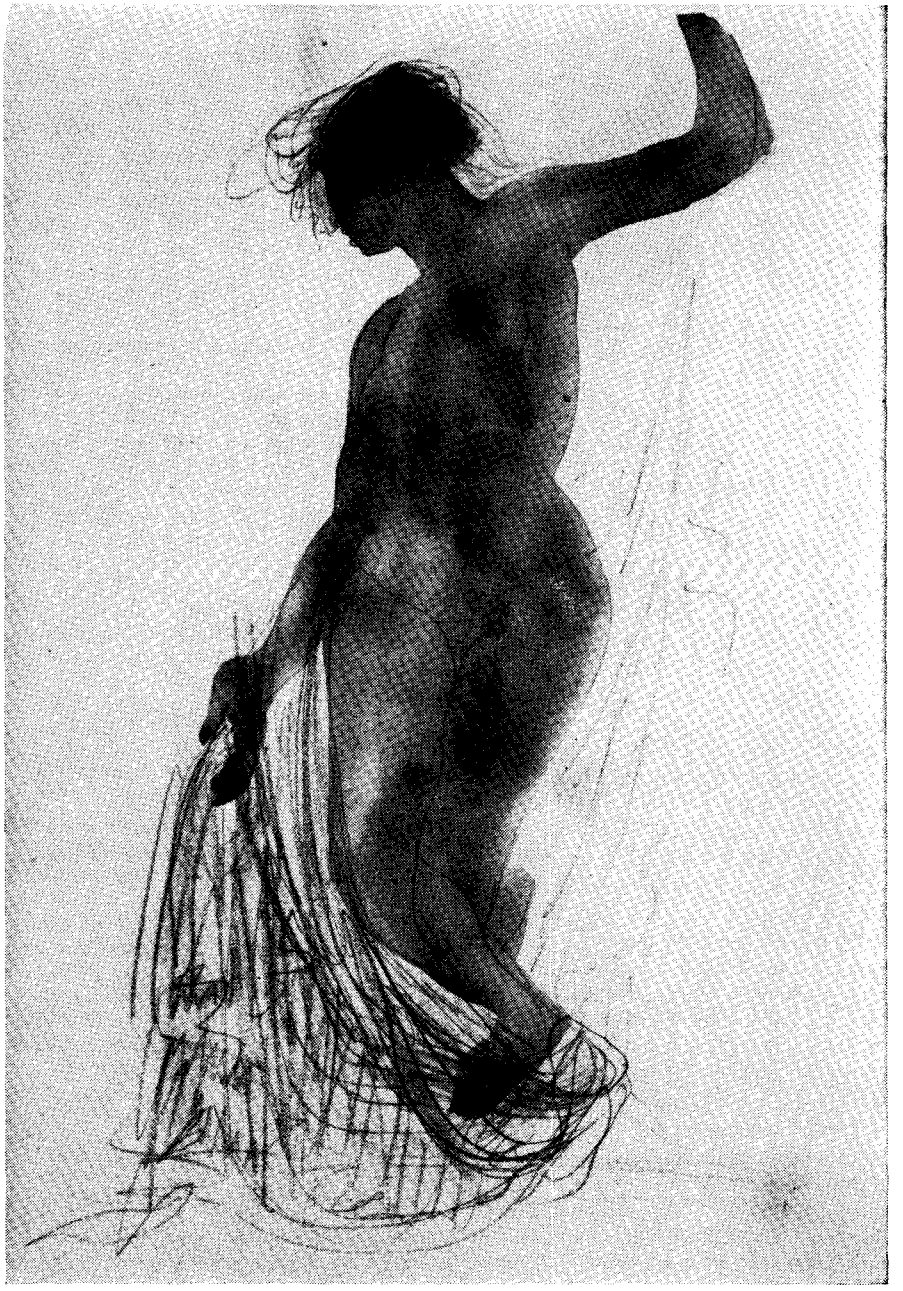
The Auguste Rodin Affair

Recently I visited the National Gallery of Art in Washington to see an exhibition of Rodin drawings, some authentic, some fake. Called *Rodin Drawings —True and False,* the show is noteworthy for two reasons: its large and dazzling group of real Rodins, many of which have rarely, if ever, been seen publicly, and its serious attempt to point up the differences between the master's works and those of several impostors. It has long been known that a plethora of spurious Rodin drawings were glutting the market, but to identify these forgeries step by step is not a simple matter. We can only hope that the National Gallery at some future date will do the same service for Corot, who reputedly was at one time represented in America by more false than authentic paintings. In the case of both artists, however, one should not conclude that only gullible private collectors nibbled at fraudulent bait; many well-known museums were also victimized.

I went to Washington ostensibly to see the Rodin show; I stayed to applaud the exhibition and to admire certain innovations the National Gallery is making under its able new director, Carter Brown. These days, it is something of a phenomenon to encounter a museum concerned with programs geared not to the latest gimmicks, not to pseudo-sociology, not to fun and instant education, but to scholarship, preservation, and learning, none of which makes headlines yet does, indeed, make sense. True, the National Gallery is fortunate in a setup predicated on service to the entire nation. Less dependent on the support of local factions, this institution has more operational freedom than the average large metropolitan museum that must, or feels it must, adapt to myriad immediate needs.

But first to the Rodin show, which clearly focuses on the National Gallery's current interest in research and education. The exhibition includes 132 original drawings and twenty-eight forgeries, all to remain on view through January 23. Early in March the group moves to New York's Guggenheim Museum. For students, the exhibit is important as the first systematic chronological survey of Rodin's drawings; for students and the public, it is even more important as a revelation of the sculptor's spontaneous, behind-the-scenes working methods. Unfettered by the demands of stone and bronze, or by the thought of sales, Rodin conceived his drawings as intimate if brief notations. Swiftly executed and electrified by a sweeping vitality, many were automatically generated, the artist, having fixed his eyes on his subject, allowing his hand to act kinetically. At best, these are fluid stenographic reports in which gesture always superseded conventional definition. Rarely finished—and not intended to be—the drawings were private exercises produced less for formal purposes than for personal experimentation. Curiously, Rodin almost never made direct preliminary sketches for his sculpture but chose rather to draw likenesses of the completed works, possibly as aids for catalogue engravings, which he preferred to photographs. As a sculptor he no doubt thought more readily in three dimensions, only later transcribing images of real form to paper.

The first works in the show are academic figure studies somewhat paralleling Seurat's early drawings. Then follow romantic, darkly brushed watercolors, usually based on fantastic or literary scenes, and finally come the familiar nudes in contorted motion and often highly erotic. Today, not even our most "liberated" artists can outdo the frankness of Rodin's entangled lovers and tender lesbians. But it is not because of this free approach to sex that we find his drawings surprisingly modern; they seem undated be-



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cause they predict the shorthand elisions of our own century. And always they address themselves to the speeding rhythms of complex human bodies.

Rodin's methods were catholic. He tried everything from heavy opaque gouaches to thin transparent washes, from delicate pencil outlines to bold collages, the last providing new settings for cut-out figures that the artist hoped to revise. Occasionally he traced his favorite drawings in order to give them to friends and yet himself retain examples for further study. He constantly reworked his graphics. It was a kind of obsession. In a strange way, the more flawed they became, the more vigorous was their content.

Especially provocative is the juxtaposition of genuine and false Rodins—all unlabeled—at the end of the show. The visitor is invited to make his own attributions, which are subsequently confirmed or refuted by a small National Gallery brochure. However, to encourage more than intuitive guesswork, I recommend as preliminary reading a book published by Praeger in conjunction with the exhibition and written by Albert Elsen and J. Kurt T. Varnedoe, the two men who organized the show, though I understand that Mr. Varnedoe, a Fellow at the National Gallery, did the lion's share. What is engrossing about the book and also helpful in understanding Rodin are the painstaking comparisons of "true" and "false" drawings. The real ones, as a rule, are less neatly typical and far more energized by inner tensions. Rodin's line was never decorative; it always served a functional need despite, or even because of, his frequent revisions. Both the book and the show's 132 authentic drawings help the viewer identify the forgeries, though even the most experienced eyes may have occasional difficulties, so cleverly have several of the fraudulent drawings been executed. Then, too, Rodin's own works are not always at peak performance, and one is inclined at times to assign his failures to other artists' hands.

Rodin's "Nude with Draperies" (left) from the Art Institute of Chicago; Rodin-style "Mother and Child" and "Nude (Bending Forward, Hair Falling)" (above) from the Museum of Modern Art.

The National Gallery has not merely organized a memorable Rodin exhibition; it has set up the first thorough chronology of this artist's drawings and at the same time established reliable standards for evaluating their authenticity. All of which is very much in line with Carter Brown's conviction that "a show must serve a scholarly purpose." "If it's just for razzle-dazzle," says he, "it's not worth the risk to the works involved." Characteristic of his attitude was a superb exhibition last spring of *Dürer in America: His Graphic Work*, accompanied by an exhaustive 364-page catalogue in which each engraving, woodcut, and drawing was illustrated and definitively annotated. Here then was not another glamorous picture book intended as a coffee-table come-on, but an invaluable addition to any serious library and an aid to both students and intelligent laymen.

In an even more concentrated effort, the National Gallery will shortly raid its own vast print holdings to show the rare etchings of both Tiepolos, most of which will come from the splendid collection Lessing Rosenwald gave some years ago to the Washington museum. Christopher White, the newly appointed Curator of Prints, was formerly connected with the British Museum in London and is a distinguished Rembrandt authority. He feels that the collection he will henceforth administer is so rich as to offer a long series of similar special exhibitions for which he will only rarely need to search outside his own walls. Dr. Konrad Oberhuber, until recently a curator of the Albertina Graphic Collection in Vienna and a recognized Raphael specialist, has also joined the National Gallery's staff. The permanent collection of the museum is now under intensive scrutiny, the hope being to restudy various doubtful attributions and to assign them conscientiously to their proper sources, even if in certain cases this means downgrading earlier opinions.

Emphasis on scholarship is strong at the National Gallery, as is emphasis on different levels of education from the work of advanced Fellows engaged in research to group visits from grade school children and, not least, to the interests of ordinary visitors. For these last, the institution in each room provides free leaflets articulately explaining the works there installed. The National Gallery services 4,000 communities (4.5 million people) with slides, tapes, and films about art. One must hope that this far-flung enterprise is more than just a numerical miracle. Less ephemeral, I would judge, is the projected Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, to be located in a new building designed by I. M. Pei, which is slated to open within the next few years. Here an international facility for teachers, writers, critics, and scholars will offer a specialized library, photographic archives, and the cross-fertilization of numerous experts working together.

Mr. Brown wisely realizes that "the day of emphasis on acquisitions is over." Only occasionally available, and then at exorbitant prices, are the high-quality objects his museum needs. It is worth remembering that in the last thirty years the National Gallery's collection has grown from 130 to more than 30,000 works of art. Now, as in other large museums, the drive veers away from more, more, more, and heads toward creative use of an almost frightening abundance.

Because the National Gallery is precisely what it is called—a gallery rather than an all-embracing museum—its areas of concentration are limited to paintings, sculpture, prints, and drawings from the Middle Ages up to our own century. "We do not try to be all things to all men," notes Mr. Brown, and, therefore, perhaps, he feels free to rethink the changing priorities of his institution as he refines its vast holdings. He states his most important duty is "to get across to future generations in one piece the treasures that are committed to our care." And that is no small order in view of modern scientific warfare plus the hazards of ecological deterioration. Works of art are particularly vulnerable to both these dangers, even more so than are human beings.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

One Week Before the Mast—III: The Characters of Carriacou

Who can understand those hardies who periodically turn up in the news with their plans to sail a small boat across the ocean in the company of a pet cat? Not I, the occasional sailor who prefers to keep land in sight at all times and reach an intriguing new port by nightfall. For me: the Grenadines. Between St. Vincent and Grenada the longest run a charter captain ever makes in one day is just forty miles, which can be covered in six or seven hours even in the slackest wind.

Our progress in the fifty-foot ketch *Shango* was seriously impeded by the absence of the customary fifteen-knot winds that mark the Grenadines as one of the choicest sailing territories on earth. Gordon Stout, the skipper, blamed a hurricane stalled somewhere near Cuba. Superstitious islanders drew a connection with the recent nuclear explosion at Amchitka. No matter, we had something the Ancient Mariner could have used—a diesel engine.

One of our best days afloat found us arising in the Tobago Cays, known for their nonpareil snorkeling waters, and turning in by the black shadows of Carriacou, an island that still depends on smuggling to keep the economy above water. After breakfast (Stout's wife and first mate, Nano, never failed to serve less than eggs, bacon, juice, toast, and coffee) we motored out in the dinghy to a reef where untold goggle-eyes had pried and prowled before. Stout jumped in and tied the line to a chunk of coral. The water was so shallow I could walk on the tips of my fins and thrust my chin above the surface. Many members of the Grenadine fish family were there holding open house. Pilot fish. Parrot fish. Trigger fish. Somehow, for me, the sea hunt is never as exciting as it was in the Fifties with Lloyd Bridges. After snooping about the reef for a half hour, perhaps the shortest span any of Stout's charter guests had ever devoted to that snorkeler's haven, photographer Mark Chester and I flopped back onto the dinghy and removed our gear. Already we had our eyes on the nearest of the five cays, which lay vacant, inviting, and sand-fringed in the morning sun.

Stout, who knows his watery Caribbean world as well as any Southern Californian knows his freeways, couldn't readily identify the cay of our choice. He later had to consult his maps. It was Jamesby. The others, reflecting an earlier French presence, are Petit Rameau, Petit Bateau, Barabal, and Petit Tabac. Wading ashore through the warm green waters, you could tell that the broad beach offered the only recreation and that further exploration would be blocked by a cliff running the length of the island. What did it matter? The island was ours, there was not so much as a Friday's footprint in the sand, and the everyday world seemed even further away than it had from the bow of the plunging *Shango*.

While Nano stretched out on the sand in a rare moment of off-duty languor and Stout examined a clump of boulders, Mark and I ran a series of sprints up and down the beach. We hadn't planned to run; our legs just started pumping. It must have been a logical response to all the sitting and eating on the boat. Life on a chartered yacht assuredly is not for the weight watcher. You can eat with care and still add five pounds in a week. What accounts for the increased weight is the routine of dining late and then retiring with no more action than a stroll on deck to scan the stars. Gordon, who is anything but stout, manages to keep as trim and tough as Popeye. But the shapely Nano, hardly an Olive Oyl, was talking of a diet.

By noon we were pushing south toward Carriacou, *Shango*'s sails barely flapping in the six- or seven-knot breeze. As we neared the island's main port of Hillsborough, a rain squall blew up and produced the first whitecaps we had encountered all week. Mark and I wanted to spend the rest of the afternoon ashore, but Stout was wary of piloting the dinghy through the heavy waves battering the stone landing. This note of urgency had not punctuated his commands in three or four days of becalmed seas and easy sailing. We prevailed. Stout needed two passes at the landing to get us out of the bobbing little boat, and all the while a group of boys stood by in the pelting shower, watching with delight.

The plan was for us to comb Hillsborough and then cross the island by taxi and meet *Shango* in the late afternoon at Tyrrel Bay, which promised to provide a much calmer anchorage. We had spent less than twenty minutes in the village when a stern-faced young customs agent caught up with us on the main street. He wanted to know why we hadn't appeared at his office upon coming ashore. And where was our boat? It was a jarring sound, this tone of officiousness in the mild and unassuming Grenadines. The agent and a tall, less sober-looking official marched us back to the customs shack, where we huddled to discuss the case. They demanded that we produce *Shango* and our skipper on the spot. "They're both at Tyrrel Bay by now," I said. "Can't we take a cab?"

By then the agents had fifteen minutes to work and didn't look kindly on overtime. Finally we all squeezed into a cab and, in a heavy silence, sped over to Tyrrel Bay.

There, on the pier, a surprised but cordial Stout handed over all the necessary forms and passports. His attempts to inject levity into the confrontation met with cold-eyed formality. "He's a new customs man," said Stout after the official had leveled a final reprimand and departed in the cab. By Carriacou standards this was an unusual welcome. Boats have always approached its shores without ceremony, the easier to unload contraband goods. Smuggling may suggest dark deeds at sea, gun-running by the light of the moon, or, in this age, heavy cargoes of drugs, but in the Caribbean it is usually a less melodramatic act. Often the smuggler sails to a duty-free port, buys up loads of liquor and cigarettes at the reduced prices, and then steals home to sell the stuff at a considerable profit.

According to th· *Street's Yachting Guide to the Grenadines*—the Baedeker for West Indian sailors—smuggling has been cut down in recent years by the addition of offshore patrol boats. But, in its singular style, the 1970 guide reports: "In years gone by, many are the nights that yachts have laid in Tyrrel Bay, locally referred to as Harvey Vale, and heard a sloop or schooner beating up into the anchorage not showing any lights. The sloop or schooner sails up as close to shore as possible, lets down its anchor. You will notice the head sail comes down, but the main and fore on schooners, and the main on sloops are always left up but sheeted flat. They waited for a few minutes until you could hear cars coming and going with no lights on. You can hear dinghies shuttling back and forth and then the anchor is hauled up and off they sail. Usually around the corner, to Hillsborough, where they will be found the next morning anchored legally entering with their normal cargo. All you have to do is put a flashlight on the sloop or schooner and you will hear more yelling than you ever heard in your life, basically meaning, 'out de light.'"

Part of the afternoon still remained, so Mark and I set off down a dirt road by the shore, our backs to civilization. An airstrip has been laid on Carriacou, and there are a few small hotels in Hillsborough, but otherwise this lush, high-peaked island is typically Grena-

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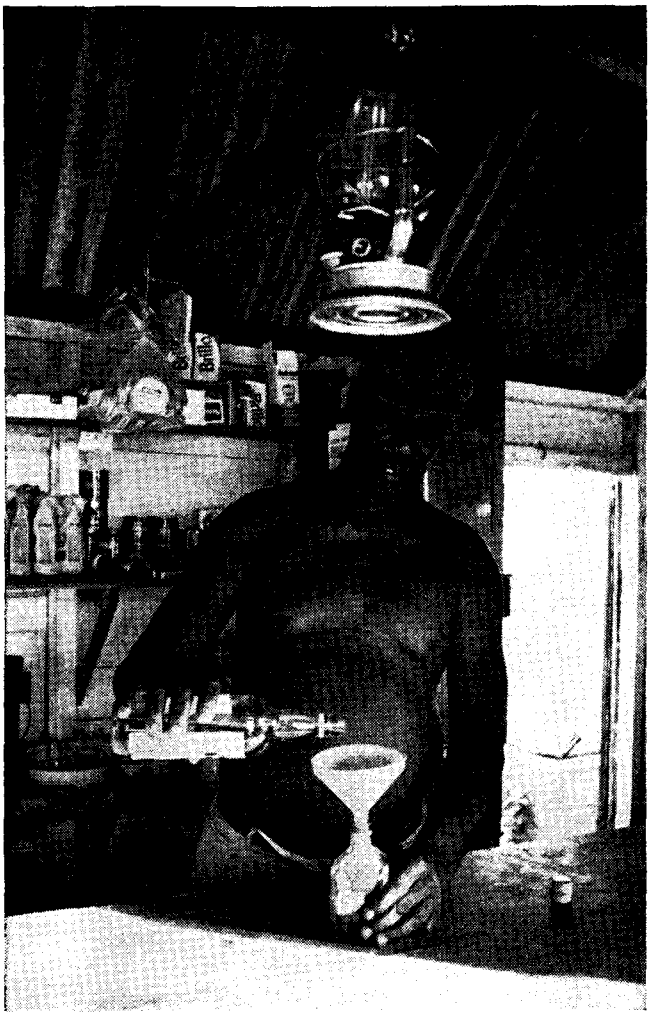
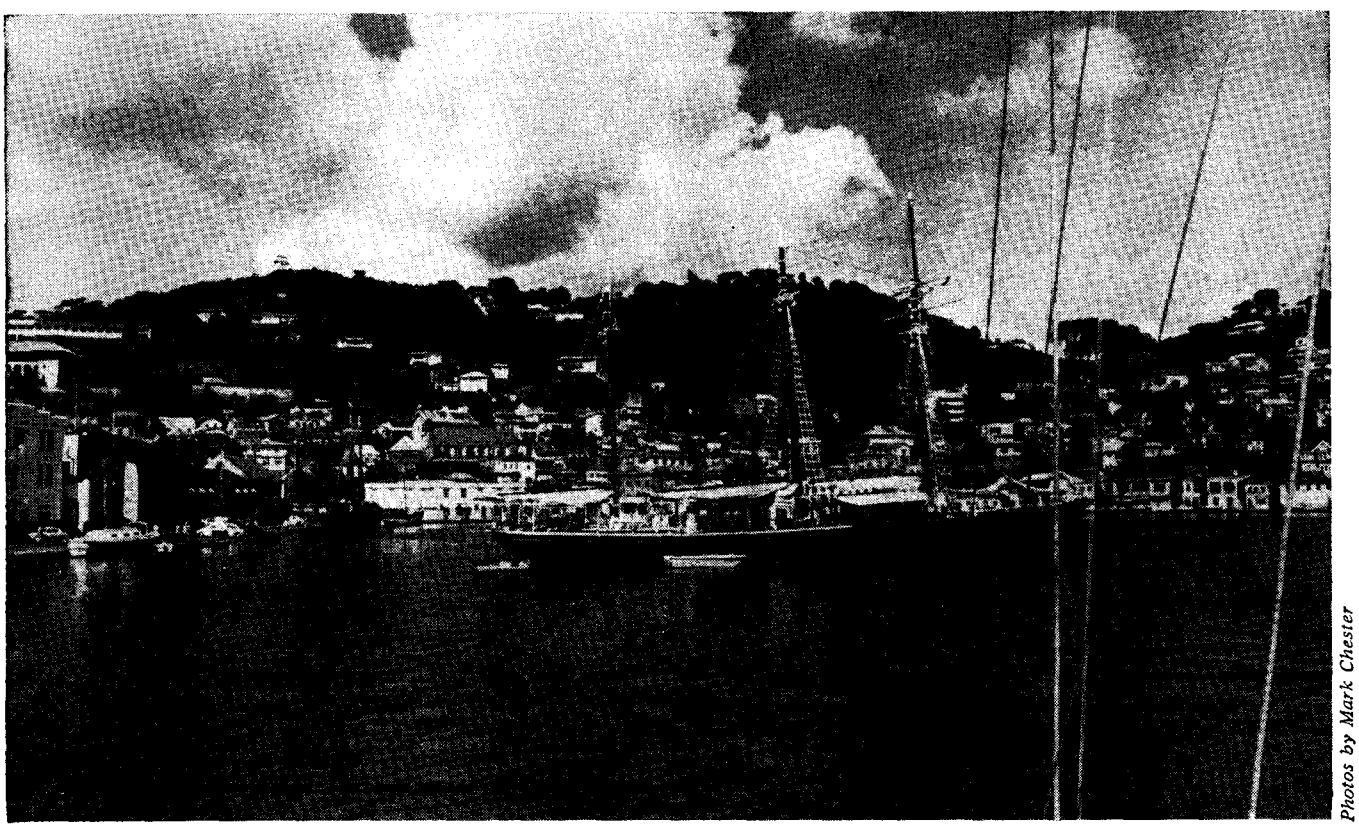


Belly first, Big Cudjoe pours another Carriacou cocktail.

On Grenadine thoroughfares, a donkey has the right of way.



Photos by Mark Chester

After the likes of Carriacou and the Tobago Cays, Grenada's St. George's seems a huge and throbbing port.

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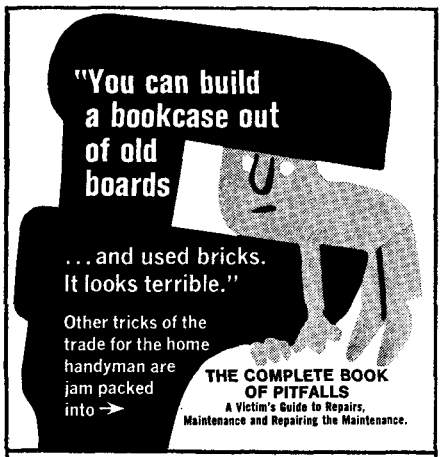
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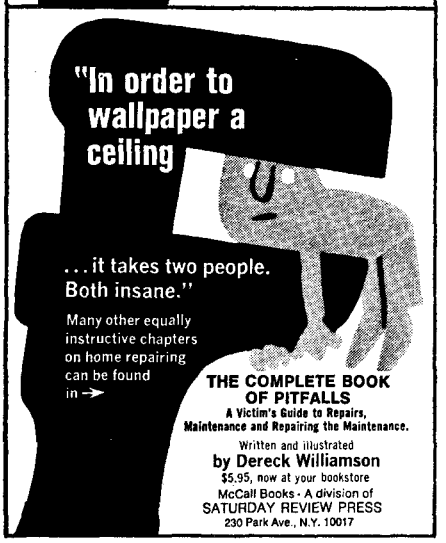
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dine: friendly, still trusting, and not out for the tourist dollar. We met a young girl on the road who smiled shyly before the camera and then stopped to talk. An old man on a donkey passed by, his feet almost touching the ground. She said he was Cousin Bob, returning home from a day's work on a road gang. Shortly we came to a tiny red shack. It was the smallest bar I had ever entered. Three or four old men sat against the wall, and behind the wood-slab bar stood a mountain of a man with a deep thundering voice—S. G. Cudjoe. "Big Cudjoe they call me, 'cause I used to be powerful," he boomed. His shirt was off, and his belly hung out like a basketball, but you could tell he had been an imposing figure twenty-five years before. He was pouring shots of the stinging jack iron rum; we stayed for a fruit juice.

The road started upward, climbing above Tyrrel Bay and leading past thick, dripping foliage. On a hillside overlooking the bay, a young boy wearing a cloth cap was standing in a yard absently slashing through some tall grass with a machete. In another clime he might have been walking behind a power mower. Martin Alexis, black, bright-eyed, born in England, spoke in a soft bell-clear voice lifted by the melody of the West Indies. His aunt, head of the household, leaned out the window and asked if we wanted the address of her son in Brooklyn. Then we all got together on the open front porch—Martin and his brother Cuthbert, their aunt with an infant boy in her arms, and two young girls—and talked about everything from lobstering to the latest Muhammad Ali fight. The house was small, but the Hermitage Estate that sprawled around it would have sent a Hilton hotel scout drooling back to headquarters. From the porch we looked down through clusters of orange and mango trees, past a thick grove of coconut palms, to the deep blue of Tyrrel Bay, where *Shango*, the local mail boat, and a few other craft lay at anchor. At the rear of the house, a door opened abruptly on a twenty-foot drop to the back yard, causing me to wonder what kept the kids from falling out. The open door framed another stunning seascape. Cropping up in the misty blue were the little Carriacou Cays.

It mystifies the outsider to find a remote, self-sustaining island like Carriacou supporting so many sprawling estates such as Hermitage. Perhaps the answer can again be found in the *Yachting Guide*: "For many generations, the men of Carriacou have gone to sea or gone to the oil fields in Venezuela, and Aruba etc. The majority of these young men travel the four corners of the world, send home money to their families, come home in their middle age, marry, and raise a family."

Before we left, Martin's aunt sent him out back to pick us a bunch of oranges. "Thank you for giving us all the news," she said. "It's nice to get together with somebody from the outside. Makes us feel all like one."

We walked back along the beach, following the curve of the bay until we came to the little red bar. Night was falling, and Big Cudjoe had lit a kerosene lamp and put on an undershirt. Several customers from our earlier visit were still there, and a few others had dropped in since, one of them a man named Gabriel, whom everyone calls "the Angel." "Take it light," Cudjoe was advising us all. In other words, "Be cool." Two young men came in together, and one began to tell of his musical talents, in the hope we could convince the Stouts and other yachtsmen stopped for the night at Tyrrel Bay to sponsor a recital on the pier. I wasn't accustomed to such sales talks in the Grenadines. But at least this pitchman had charm. "They call me the Scraper," he said, referring to his skill with string instruments. "I won a contest last year, and they named me Calypso King of Carriacou."

Outside, candle flies were flashing through the darkness. We had a few beers and made our way down the road toward the pier, the Scraper and his friend at our side, shilling all the way. Out of the blackness appeared another lantern-lit bar. Inside, Gordon Stout was drinking jack iron rum with a group of local fishermen. The Scraper and his friend slipped away, and we went in. Drinking jack iron is like drinking tequila; you have one swallow to get it down. The bartender poured fresh shots into the glasses that Stout and the fishermen had been sharing. My concentration broke, and I needed two gulps to drain the glass. I felt my eyes popping, threatening to jump out, and everyone was laughing.

Puttering back to *Shango*, Stout advised us not to give the Scraper our business. He said there were more reputable and deserving musicians on the island. By that time we didn't need calypso. Overhead, a sky full of stars was playing its own music, backed up by a chorus of tree toads. Nothing like a jack iron high.

(This is the last of three articles.)

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The Good Bad Boy and Guru of American Letters

by CHARLES R. LARSON

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF LESLIE FIEDLER

Stein & Day, Vol. I, 562 pp.; Vol. II, 560 pp., $12.50 each

Among English literature majors Leslie Fiedler's reputation has, for a decade, been assured. His *Love and Death in the American Novel* is their bible. They may not have read the American classics themselves, but they have read Fiedler. Thanks to him they all know what *Huckleberry Finn* is really about, without having wasted time on the actual book. By coincidence, while I was reading Fiedler's *Collected Essays*, I had to read three M.A. examinations on the American novel. Fiedler was, of course, the most touted critic in these exams; two students frequently referred to him by name, the third simply cribbed large sections of Fiedler's critical theories without mentioning the source. (As if I wouldn't know!) Yes, Fiedler has become what he set out to be: a living myth, a part of his criticism itself. For he—of all our contemporary critics—has been the one most concerned with creating an "image" of himself.

Now that the image of the "Good Bad Boy" of American criticism is firmly established, I don't suppose that the publication of these two volumes of his "collected" essays will hurt him too much.

The *collected* essays of Leslie Fiedler? The title, I must say, isn't exactly accurate. In Volume I, Fiedler has simply combined his two previous collections of essays: *An End to Innocence* (1955) and *No! in Thunder* (1960). If he were Hawthorne he would, I suppose, have called these "Twice-Collected Essays." The essays in Volume II, however, have been culled from the several hundred articles Fiedler has written during the last twenty or so years. In short, they are "selected" rather than collected essays —a minor point, no doubt, until one reflects that Fiedler himself has always been preeminently concerned with being understood on his own terms. What is missing, then, from these two volumes of selected essays? Those writings embodied in the three volumes which focused on the cycle of American literature: *Love and Death in the American Novel* (1960), *Waiting for the End* (1964), and *The Return of the Vanishing American* (1968). What is included? Fiedler's "occasional" essays, many of which also deal specifically with American literature or American culture. In other words, some of Fiedler's best and some of his worst writing.

In the "Introduction to Volume I," Fiedler bemoans the fact that he has been so frequently misunderstood. Three of the essays in *An End to Innocence*, he informs us, have been "badly read." As a group they represent, I believe, the three major concerns of all of Fiedler's "occasional" writings: the political, the social, and the literary. Brought together, of course, they constitute a record of Fiedler's lifelong love affair with American culture: from his Populist, man-in-the-street approach, to the much more academic *-cum-*liberal vantage point of the professor become guru. The first of these "badly read" essays, "Afterthoughts on the Rosenbergs," is a fascinating piece of writing, although a lesser piece than "McCarthy and the Intellectuals," the essay that follows it. Read together, however, as he intends they should be, they show him at his best: Fiedler has always had a startling ability to analyze real people as if they were

CHARLES R. LARSON teaches courses in American literature at American University. His book *The Emergence of African Fiction* will be published next spring.

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Leslie Fiedler: "I long for the raised voice, the howl of rage or love." *Peter Gould, Pix*

characters in books. These political essays lead directly into Fiedler's later writings on innocence and evil in American fiction.

Some of the warnings sounded in these political essays are every bit as relevant today as they were when they were written some twenty years ago: "American liberalism has been reluctant to leave the garden of its illusion. . . ." ". . . mere liberal principle is not in itself a guarantee against evil. . . ." One especially uncanny bit of foresight in "McCarthy and the Intellectuals" has only been made fully apparent in the last few months by President Nixon's decision to go to China. Fiedler writes of Nixon (and this is in 1954, mind you):

> Vice President Nixon is the representative figure; himself an inquisitor . . . and an exploiter of anti-Communism as a campaign issue, he has nonetheless a yearning for intellectual respectability. "This is just a note," he wrote to James Wechsler in January of 1950, "to tell you that I thought your editorial on the Hiss case . . . was one of the most able and fair appraisals of a very difficult problem I have ever seen. Since you probably have me categorized as one of the 'reactionaries' . . . I thought you might be particularly interested in my reaction." This letter to one whom [Joe] McCarthy finds it politic to call a concealed Communist reveals clearly the difference in Nixon's approach that must force him to a final break with the traducers of the anti-Communist position as he understands it.

"Montana; or the End of Jean-Jacques Rousseau," the second of the "badly read" essays, still gives pleasure —especially to anyone who has suffered a number of years in America's hinterlands. It offended Montanans in 1949, though most of them had never heard of the *Partisan Review*, in which the essay first appeared, and no doubt it would continue to rankle them even today if Fiedler had not left the University of Montana to take up his current position at the University of Buffalo. It is the last of these three essays, however, that is the most notorious—Fiedler's much discussed essay on homosexuality in American fiction, "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey!" While its insights may seem pretty tame now that we have Fiedler's treatment of this theme in his later books on American literature, it is easy to see why critics were in a constant flap in those days when Fiedler was just beginning to publish his literary criticism. He says, for example, "the dressing of Jim in a woman's gown in *Huck Finn* . . . can mean anything or nothing at all. . . ." Just enough to upset his critics. Fiedler has always known how to play cat and mouse.

This desire to taunt, goad, and generally annoy the critical establishment has, I believe, formed a major portion of Fiedler's intent in all of his writings. And with the publication of each succeeding volume expounding his critical theory he has admirably succeeded in so doing. The result is that Fiedler's essays—at their most extreme—provide a counterbalance for some of the opposing theories of a number of his contemporaries, and, in this respect, Fiedler is a kind of necessary angel. As Fiedler has said of literary criticism, "I long for the raised voice, the howl of rage or love." This is exactly what his own criticism accomplishes. If nothing else, it never bores the reader. (It should be pointed out, too, that his critical essays range far beyond the merely American cultural scene: to Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Kafka, Pavese, etc.) I still think that "In the Beginning Was the Word' and "Archetype and Signature," the two essays on theory that conclude *No! in Thunder* (and Volume I of these *Collected Essays*), are among the finest things he has written. Conceptually, both began as an attack on the New Critics, on the "a poem should not mean, but be" school, as Fiedler calls it. And, within them, he brilliantly illustrated the limitations we place on any piece of writing if we ignore the conditions under which it was written—*i.e.*, the writer's own given "signature," as Fiedler puts it. "The poet's life is the focusing glass through which pass the determinants of the shape of his work: the tradition available to him, his understanding of 'kinds,' the impact of special experiences (travel, love, etc.)." "It is impossible," Fiedler adds, "to draw a line between the work the poet writes and the work he lives, between the life he lives and the life he writes."

What holds true for the poet holds equally true for the critic. In an essay called "My Credo"—which should be included in *The Collected Essays*, but isn't—Fiedler insists: "The voice of the critic must be his own voice, idiosyncratic, personal, for without real style (and true style is never safe, choosing to court extravagance) he carries no conviction except what charts and tables accidentally provide." Willing to dissent, Fiedler is always telling us: "No, there is another way to look at things." Thus, his criticism works by a process of cancellation. He opposes what others have said; then, after he's won the debate (at least to his own satisfaction), he knocks his own theories. As he tells us in the introductory note to "In the Beginning Was the Word" and "Archetype and Signature":

> The two essays in this section embarrass me a little, for they are examples of the kind of theorizing which threatens to leave literature and its appropriate delights for the sake of amateur philosophizing. I reprint them with the warning that they are not really literary criticism, which is for me a form of literature, a subgenre of the essay. I am not sure how far they are the products of mere bravado, attempts to show the established theorists that anyone (even I) can play this sort of game.
>
> I do know that I was amused to discover that they had earned me a page and a half in a recent New-Critical history of criticism and that I made it into the same index with Coleridge, Hegel, Schlegel, etc.

It is in Volume II of *The Collected Essays* that the weaknesses of Fiedler's intent become more apparent.

(Continued on page 35)

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JOINER

by James Whitehead

Knopf, 463 pp., $7.95

WOLF:
A False Memoir

by Jim Harrison

Simon & Schuster, 225 pp., $5.95

GHOST STORY

by Richard Hill

Liveright, 158 pp., $3.95

SOMEONE GREAT

by Robert Grossbach

Harper's Magazine Press, 207 pp., $6

Reviewed by H. L. Van Brunt

■ A first novel may represent five years of hard labor, a lifetime of knowing, feeling, remembering, and an eternity of ambition and despair. First novels rarely make any money for either publisher or author; they go largely unreviewed (deservedly so, I have recently come to believe), and are apt to be as quickly forgotten as yesterday's newspaper. Some authors write a first novel, and that's it. The story of their lives. The one tale everybody has to tell. The Muse knocked, entered, and skipped out the back door —never to return.

Ambition and despair. Think of F. Scott Fitzgerald in 1919 anxiously awaiting the publication of *This Side of Paradise*. Of Faulkner handing the manuscript of *Soldier's Pay* to Sherwood Anderson in New Orleans, who promised to see that it got published —so long as he didn't have to read it first. Of Hemingway working on *The Sun Also Rises* in a Madrid hotel room. Writing furiously because he wanted not only to fulfill the promise of *Three Stories and Ten Poems* and *In Our Time* but to be ranked with Fitzgerald, Dreiser, and Anderson. And, sure enough, the *roman à clef* made him, if not as famous as Fitzgerald, at least pretty well known in Paris. *Soldier's Pay* was passed over—a couple of good reviews. Faulkner would have to wait until 1931 before *Sanctuary*, his worst book, gained him notoriety. *This Side of Paradise*, however, made Fitzgerald a celebrity almost overnight.

And, to take a step back to the start of the twentieth century: Think of Theodore Dreiser in 1900, well aware that Doubleday, Page & Co. would dearly like to hand him back his novel now that Frank Doubleday and his wife, Neltje, had read *Sister Carrie* and thought it evil. The firm went grimly ahead with the great book's publication because, after all, a contract was a contract. And the poor author, drubbed by the critics, for a time contemplated suicide.

Of twenty recently issued first novels only four caught and, in various ways and on various levels, held my attention. The authors of the two best, James Whitehead and Jim Harrison, were poets before they turned novelists and this, I think, gave them a conspicuous advantage. For while they may have had to learn a new and very different discipline, they came to their task equipped with copious imaginations and, of course, with a trained command of the language.

Eugene "Sonny" Joiner, the star of James Whitehead's novel, is a former professional football player from Bryan, Mississippi, fifty miles from Jackson—a city which, as described here, is a regular hellhole of sin and damnation. Joiner is the son of middle-class parents who give him a generally normal upbringing and who lead generally normal lives. The only deviation from convention is that Mother paints and occasionally asks her husband to model for her in the nude. The cardinal fact of Joiner's existence—and the town's—is football. Big for his age at all ages, Sonny is destined from birth to become a weekend warrior. The trouble is that he was also born with a brain, which he develops into a mind.

Using Sonny—or "Son," as he later comes to be called—as his narrator, Whitehead has fashioned a large, jerky novel that is remarkable not only for its physical energy but, by and large, for its intellectual force as well:

> . . . in fact, what I'm saying is that we probably emphasize the similarities between cats and women too much, and between men and women, and between one man and another. My reason joggles. It's fine to talk of similarity, and then to talk of difference, but the real difficulty is in trying to understand what it is that's neither similar *nor* different. It's the awful unique and private part that counts and hurts, and it has neither sex nor species—and it may be evil, and certainly it's sociologically dangerous. Nor bird, nor beast, nor flower, nor man, nor woman, nor jet plane—that separate, terrible thing is like some brilliant being who's living and feeding on the glorious gases of Jupiter, or singing out among the double stars.

As this Paul Bunyan with a brain matures, his hometown—in which religion is a blend of Methodism, Puritanism, football, and racial prejudice —becomes a microcosm of the changing South. The "necks and niggers" (as they are referred to in the book) live in a state of undeclared war, leaving Son torn between an almost unconscious loyalty to the whites and his growing awareness that blacks should be treated no differently than anyone else. Among the many whites who try his loyalty to them are most of his friends and his father-in-law—raving bigots all. On the other hand, there's Sheriff Davis Benton, who turns out to be downright liberal. Even before racial tensions build to a climax in Bryan, it is clear that Joiner has no stomach for the daily dose of hypocrisy without which most Bryanites seem unable to live. Thus, during his high school days, when one of Joiner's buddies is converted in the course of a Billy Graham rally held in Jackson, Son becomes so enraged by the whole circus atmosphere within which this miracle occurs that he tries to tear down the pulpit. Only the combined forces of the local police and Royal Carle Boykin—Joiner's best friend and the team's quarterback—prevent him from doing so.

Boykin, an adopted orphan who resents his lot in life, is quite a character in his own right—complex enough, in

"I like the books you've written, Daddy, but could you read me someone else's book for a change?"

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fact, to deserve a novel to himself. As a fourth-grader Boykin is tied to a tree and stoned by his classmates for being a teacher's pet. Although Sonny rescues him before he is seriously harmed, Royal manages over the course of the years to wreak his revenge on each of the three ringleaders involved in the stoning. Sly, hypocritical, and opportunistic, Boykin ends up by stealing Joiner's luscious ex-wife, April, after Son's "nigger-loving" behavior has led her to divorce him.

A broken arm interrupts Joiner's football career during his first year in the NFL. A growing awareness that the game isn't what he was brought up to believe it was makes him wonder whether he should ever return to it. As a black friend and fellow player points out: "It ain't nothin' but hard work to please a bunch of jock-sniffers." At length, honorably discharged from his service in the Sunday wars, Son returns to Bryan but, after siding with the blacks in a confrontation with the whites, he flees to Fort Worth where, living with his "movement" mistress, Mary, he winds up teaching in a progressive school. (Whitehead's plot progresses like a broken-field runner with a trick knee. The pace is sometimes creaky and while one sentence may dart off into Texas the next may dodge back to reveal a segment of Joiner's Bryan, Mississippi, past. At times, the nimble author eludes even the alert reader.)

Whitehead's first novel, which reveals a rich, rough talent, has its flaws. Thus, if Joiner and his friend Boykin emerge as full-fledged characters, the rest of the cast consists of rapidly sketched types that never really come alive. At times, too, Whitehead—or at least his protagonist—becomes intellectually pretentious. The book is larded with quotations from obscure military historians. The author's intent may well have been to draw the analogy between war and football; in practice, however, his digressions on this subject merely call for time and hold up the action.

Jim Harrison's *Wolf* is vulgar, nasty—and, for long stretches, exhilarating. In the course of a week-long camp-out and hunting trip in the wilds of northern Michigan, Swanson—the author's alter ego and the book's narrator—describes in flashbacks to the Fifties his bumming, whoring, and drinking youth. Boston, New York, and San Francisco were his ports of call then, and girls, drunks, pimps, and that special society of wanderers were his teachers and tormentors. Never satisfied, moving on, hitching, driving, walking, Swanson was a one-man pioneer movement looking for a new country. He is still searching for it when he sets off on his camping trip.

These flashbacks are interspersed with the events of his stay in the woods—where he keeps getting lost. Whether Swanson just wants to see a wolf or shoot one, or simply to dry out and regain a little sanity after ten years of domesticity and hard drinking, is not made clear. His quest for the wolf, of course, may be seen as a symbolic pursuit of lost wildness and freedom:

> A full moon, wolfbane blooms tonight. I imagined, or was the figure real, that I saw a large dog cross the road in the distance. A coyote or a wolf. But my scent had to drive wolves away. No dogs here. A coyote or a hallucination. The wolf to count had to be seen clearly in daylight.

Harrison's hero never does see it by daylight.

Throughout the book Swanson often stops to pay homage to those who have touched his life in one way or another:

> I think often though of rather ordinary kindnesses, a waitress letting me sleep on a table in the back room of a restaurant outside of Heber, Utah. Or sitting with a rancher's children in the back of a pickup on hay bales and the way he passed back a bottle, driving full tilt through the Uinta and Wasatch mountains. Or an old high school friend sending me fifty dollars because if "you go into art you can have a bad time of it." The friend had recently seen a film biography of Vincent van Gogh.

The people, however, remain only outlines, as indistinctly perceived as the wolf.

Humor, irony and, above all, energy animate Harrison's prose. And Swanson bristles into being—a man mean in the fashion of a child or an animal, a creature who snarls and spits at would-be tamers who hold out the meat of mediocrity and uniformity as he struggles to keep open all the possibilities his free-wheeling youth once afforded. Yet, despite his intensity and greed for life, this loner is in more ways than one a cold number. He is, in fact, a crybaby. Ultimately, his rages against life as it is and people as they are come to sound like the long howl of a mangy timber wolf unable to run with the pack—or perhaps merely unwilling to tolerate anyone's company except his own.

Richard Hill's accomplishment in *Ghost Story* has been to make the sick, sensational sex and violence novel funny in a healthy sense. "Adam Birdsong [the story begins] moved aimlessly through rain-wet streets, bearded, raggy, unpublished, horny, and crazy. . . ." Three months short of his thirtieth birthday, Adam—a disreputable denizen of a small Florida town and a writer who has never written a book—stumbles into a recently abandoned mansion (food still in the fridge, liquor in the cabinet) and decides to stay for a while, mainly to escape his dark, fecund wife and five unbearable brats. Then, out of the night, comes a motorcycle gang who break down the door of his new-found haven, drag in a blonde, and start to rape and mutilate her. Watching in horror from a hiding place, Adam first faints as the gang drives nails through the girl's hands, then routs the barbarians with a cavalry sword. (The author, who has churned out tales of sex and violence for the gamier men's magazines, is patently parodying the genre here, and a scene which might sound grisly is actually more funny

"Here we go again. Another exciting, unforgettable New Year's Eve!"

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than frightening.) Tended to by Adam, the blonde—a motorcycle mama named (what else?) Magdalen—ministers to Adam's physical needs in return. Meanwhile a trunk filled with memorabilia leads the dauntless hero to suspect that he is the illegitimate son of the mansion's hospitalized owner. A hurricane roars. A homosexual milkman appears at the door. The gang may return any moment. In fact, almost anything can happen at any moment in this modern satyricon.

Despite its heavy satirical thrust, this very readable farce supplies enough insights to make one wish that its author would play it straight in his next book.

The characters and situations and Jewish jokes in Robert Grossbach's *Someone Great* are familiar and comfortable: the dominating mother, the meek husband, their rebellious son; the boy growing up in the Bronx, going to a city college, being pledged to a fraternity, wrestling ineptly with girls in hallways and rooms—the whole *shmeer*. How could any of this material be made fresh and affecting after *Portnoy's Complaint*? Grossbach writes as if he had never heard of Philip Roth. His Stuart Schectman is as three-dimensional as Portnoy is flat.

Stuie is a *shlemiel*. As a child he lets a bigger boy smash his cowboy gun, and things go downhill from there. It's hardly surprising when Schectman drops out of college after being a high school honor student, marries the only girl who will have him, buys her an expensive diamond ring he can't afford, suffers through a far more expensive carnival-like wedding (the most hilarious chapter of the book) in a building where six bar mitzvahs, four funerals, and eleven other weddings are taking place simultaneously in adjacent rooms, and, after losing a job as a draftsman because he is "unresponsive to suggestions," works for two years feeding venereal disease records into a photostat machine.

Afflicted with dreams and unable to compromise himself, Stuie is an aristocrat of the spirit who doesn't really care what happens to him. The real world is too vulgar to worry about. Grossbach holds out hope—if only in the form of yet another dream—for his hero at the end of this book, which, while it is many things, is most of all amusing.

Of the writers considered here, James Whitehead—though needing discipline—possesses the breadth of mind and ability to become major. And who knows about the others? Their first efforts are as good as *Soldier's Pay*.

H. L. Van Brunt's first book of verse, "Uncertainties," was published in 1968.

Criminal Record

Fact

Great Mysteries of History. *By Kenneth B. Platnick. Stackpole. $6.95.* "Mystery" is such a catchall word that it can encompass—as this book's covers do—the disappearance of Judge Crater, the riddling tracks of the Abominable Snowman, the death of Dag Hammarskjöld, the origin of Stonehenge, the sinking into the sea of the lost continent of Atlantis, and that Elizabethan puzzler: who broke the neck of Robert Dudley's wife so he could freely court the Queen? Devoting one chapter to each mystery, the author presents us with sixteen of them, but no solutions. The perfect gift for the budding detective.

Fiction

Nemesis. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.* Miss Jane Marple, the little old lady who seems to be a magnet for crime, is back. This time a dead man's request that justice be done sends the spinster off on a bus tour of English gardens without a clue as to exactly what she is investigating. Miss Christie's idea is intriguing, but the plot ambles so slowly and all involved are so talky that the book can safely be recommended only to insomniacs.

Murder at the Savoy. *By Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. Translated from the Swedish by Amy and Ken Knoespel. Pantheon. $4.95.* In the dining room of the posh Savoy hotel in Malmö, Viktor Palmgren's address is interrupted when a killer guns him down, then escapes through a window. Was the wealthy industrialist murdered for personal reasons—or for political motives related to his arms shipments to Africa? Once again Chief Inspector Martin Beck of Swedish National Police goes into action. And once again the Swedish husband-and-wife writing team come up with another example of today's best detective fiction.

Season of Snows and Sins. *By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.* A pregnant village woman is convicted of murdering her unfaithful husband. Surely there could be no connection between this little domestic crime and the glittering, internationally famous people who gather at the Swiss ski resort of Montarraz? Indeed there could be, although it takes the well-loved investigation team of Emmy and Henry Tibbett to discover the link. This new mystery by Miss Moyes is a delight throughout.

Don't Drop Dead Tomorrow. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.* The gossip columnist who hints in print that the super-rich, superpowerful Jeremy Trail doesn't in fact exist is found dead. Public relations man Julian Quist—one of whose clients is trying to prevent the Trail empire from buying the luxury liner, *Queen Alexandria*, to use for obscurely nefarious purposes—steps into the case. And once he starts moving, not even the fact that his own life is in danger can stop him. This engrossing novel of murder and suspense introduces Julian Quist (and his staff of beautiful women), a character worthy to take his place beside the author's other crime fighters, John Jericho and Pierre Chambrun. Quist may be all slick invention, but he's fun to have around.

The White Wolverine Contract. *By Philip Atlee. Fawcett Gold Medal. 75¢.* Joe Gall, "counterespionage agent for a large U.S. agency," heads north to Canada for adventure number 13 in the original paperback "Contract" series. The corpses that start turning up around Vancouver are dead with a difference: Their earlobes are pierced by white wolverines carved from walrus ivory. That's a new experience for Joe. The subsequent slug fests and the hordes of women panting to give Gall their all are standard occupational hazards. Ho hum.

The Snatch. *By Bill Pronzini. Random House. $5.95.* An ex-cop turned private detective agrees to make the ransom drop for the distraught father of a kidnaped boy. A simple job is suddenly complicated by a murder, and the detective finds himself searching not only for the boy but for a killer-accomplice to the kidnaping as well—a man who appears to have connections with the vanished lad's father. Sound involved? Mr. Pronzini holds the reader's attention right up to the denouement, then bungles the job: the detective's internal monologue as he explains everything to himself taxes the reader's patience while the explanation itself strains his credulity.

CORRECTION: Gremlins seem to have attacked the column of *SR*, Nov. 27. The correct titles of two anthologies listed are *The Midnight Raymond Chandler*, and *Cosmopolitan Crimes: Foreign Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*. This latter volume is a companion to Hugh Greene's earlier *The Rivals of Sherlock Holmes*.

Haskel Frankel

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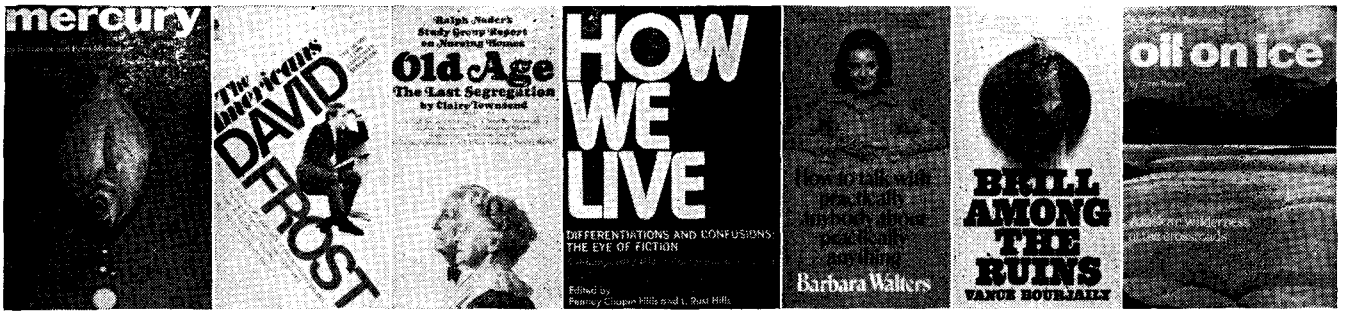

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Barbara Walters doesn't dance, sing, or bake *brioches* on camera, yet she has become one of TV's most familiar faces. "I used to say that the only things I could do were to type and ride a bicycle," said Miss Walters, who is slender, elegant and more auburn-haired than most color sets reveal. As the cool and assured interviewer on NBC's *Today Show*, she is seen by some ten million Americans, frequently even before they've had their breakfast coffee. (She also hosts her own metropolitan New York TV show, *Not for Women Only*.) As part of the *Today* job, she has traveled from India (with Jackie Kennedy) to Wales (for Prince Charles's investiture). "I'd love to go to China," she said, "but it's rumored that women journalists won't be asked along for the first trip." In the midst of her hectic television career, Miss Walters has somehow managed to find time to write *How to Talk with Practically Anybody About Practically Anything* (Dell, $1.25), a Literary Guild offering, now published in paperback. Translated into several foreign languages, including a pirated edition in Taiwan, her book has been adopted for courses at Mississippi State University and Spokane Community College. Brandeis wanted the original manuscript, and no less a fan than Barry Goldwater has called *How to Talk* "a great textbook."

In her ten years on the *Today Show* Miss Walters has chatted her way through whole crowds of people, many of whom have required radically different approaches to get them to open up. She knows the Beautiful People (Princess Grace and Truman Capote), the Shy People (Andrew Wyeth and Fred Astaire), the Important People (the Presidents, Golda Meir, Dean Rusk), and the Unapproachable (Aristotle Onassis). The book is fun to read. Although it's crammed with amusing, gossipy anecdotes about celebrities, its primary purpose is to teach ordinary people how to draw others out and put them at ease in all sorts of social situations. "Wouldn't it be simpler," suggested Barbara, "if at parties everyone wore an identifying tag—say, Rich Bigot, for instance? Then you'd know where you stand conversationally."

Barbara is quick, clever and, given half a moment, reflective. She's on the go from 4:30 A.M., when her alarm clock rings, through Broadway premieres, which she reports on over TV the next morning. What makes Barbara run? "I think that coming from a show-business family had a lot to do with it. My father owned the New York Latin Quarter, but we traveled. I used to worry about what to fill in on forms for my father's occupation. I didn't want to put down night-club owner, and I didn't know the word 'impresario.' Somehow I've always needed the security of being able to take care of myself, to be a person in my own right."

After her graduation from Sarah Lawrence, Barbara began working her way up, initially behind the camera, from production assistant to script writer. "Now I don't worry much about the show. Some of course aren't as good as others, but I've been doing them too many years for me to be terrible. And I also do my homework." She's married to theatrical producer Lee Guber, and since their daughter Jacqueline came along three years ago she tries to organize her time around her family. "I'm much more at peace. I don't get involved in lots of trivia. I used to be so insecure I went to parties because I wanted people to know I was invited. Not any more. And when I take a week off, it's to take Jacqueline to the park."

The phone rang and Washington was on the line. Could Miss Walters come for lunch with Henry Kissinger? She could. So maybe, after all, there will be a woman journalist aboard that Nixon flight to China.

Rollene W. Saal

Some People

One Life (Bantam, $1.50), written by Dr. Christiaan Barnard "together with" Curtis Bill Pepper, is a real-life doctor story encompassing Christiaan's country boyhood in South Africa, his aspirations to become a surgeon, his marriage to a nurse, and a career that waxes as romance wanes. That's quite a tale in itself, but when the narrative comes to the first heart transplant in medical history the book turns into a compelling drama in which an unlikely duo—Christiaan Barnard and Louis Washkansky—battle against the forces of death.

How does a nice girl from an upper-middle-class Midwestern family become radicalized? In *Diana: The Making of a Terrorist* (Bantam, $.95) Thomas Powers traces the path which led Diana Oughton to the townhouse on West 11th Street in Manhattan where, plotting revolution, she and other Weathermen making bombs in the basement blew themselves and the townhouse up. A reportorial account (but one written with feeling), Power's book, though focused on one particular life, also reveals a good deal about a society that can turn high hopes into the violence of despair.

David Frost's *The Americans* (Avon, $1.25) is the most nonbook ever nonwritten. These thirty low-keyed TV interviews—and you can't believe how low the key is until you read all the host's "mmmmmm's"—with such celebrities as Tennessee Williams, Johnny Carson, Helen Hayes, and Orson Welles make one wonder how all those talented people could have droned on so. And how we could ever have watched and listened in our living rooms. "Applause and Laughter" interruptions are included in the text.

Too bad there isn't a turnoff knob on the cover.

But let's skip the taped interviews and get back to people. Amy Kelly's *Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings* (Harvard), $2.75) recounts the life of this resourceful, tough-minded,

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twelfth-century woman who was briefly married to France's Louis VII, later wed England's Henry II, and had at least ten children—two of whom, Richard and John, became kings of England. If you saw *Lion in Winter* you probably already know all this. But did you know that she went off on the Second Crusade, ransomed Richard, who was taken captive in the Third Crusade, held a magnificently cultivated court at Poitiers, and, oh yes, was kept regal prisoner for many years by her English husband? An uncommonly vital heroine, the dauntless Eleanor, has found in Amy Kelly an uncommonly good biographer.

Fiction

In its own stately, cool, and very English fashion, C. P. Snow's *Strangers and Brothers* series remains one of the major literary works of our times. A *roman-fleuve*, it follows the life and times of Lewis Eliot, who occasionally turns up as the hero of the ten novels that comprise the series but is often content, being a self-effacing gentleman, to step into the background and observe the actions of others. In *The Sleep of Reason* (Bantam, $1.50), Eliot revisits, with his teen-aged son, his Midlands hometown, where he becomes involved in a brutal murder case. In *Last Things* (Bantam, $1.50), Eliot/Snow takes stock and sums up his political career, his relationship with his wife and son, and his ultimate attitudes toward life and death.

In 1961, the Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko wrote a poem called "Babi Yar" in memory of the more than 70,000 Russian Jews killed by the Nazis near a ravine just outside of Kiev —and in outspoken protest against anti-Semitism in Russia and elsewhere. Five years later, another Russian, the novelist A. Anatoli (Kuznetsov), wrote a tough war novel also named after the site where this atrocity occurred.

Many portions of Kuznetsov's book were expurgated in the Russian printing, and in 1969 Anatoli left the Soviet Union, taking with him a filmed transcript of his original manuscript. The uncut *Babi Yar* (Pocket Books, $1.25) is a searing tale of the horrors of war as viewed through the eyes of a Russian boy.

F. Fagyas's *The Devil's Lieutenant* (Dell, $1.25) has a sumptuous setting: Vienna in the days of Franz Josef, when it was still the glittering, if decadent, capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Yet beneath all the glitter, Mr. Fagyas makes clear, was a welter of intrigue, corruption, and potentially scandal-making sexual misbehavior. It all erupts in the course of the trial of a lieutenant accused of slipping an officer a cyanide tablet disguised as an aphrodisiac. A first-class suspense story.

Anthologies built up around central themes tend to be exasperatingly arbitrary or, worse yet, just plain boring. Happily, Penney Chapin Hills and L. Rust Hills, the editors of *How We Live* (Collier, 2 vols. $3.45 each), have avoided both of these pitfalls in this collection of contemporary short stories picked for their relevance to the theme stated in the title. What's more, they have arranged them in a meaningful order. The authors whom the Hills have chosen to demonstrate the complexities of contemporary existence include Bernard Malamud, John Cheever, Philip Roth, John Updike, and—well, dozens of others. A first-rate anthology.

The Ecology Bag

As Ralph Nader and his rough-riding raiders spot and attack the various threats to our society's physical, mental, and economic well-being, they occasionally pause to assemble and fling out Study Group Reports. Their purpose is to warn the public where the danger lies—and to give instructions on how to "take arms against a sea of troubles and, by opposing end them." Bantam has just published three such reports. *The Water Lords* ($1.95), written by project director James M. Fallows, focuses on the environmental destruction done to Savannah, Georgia, where vast mills have depleted natural resources and devastated natural beauty. Like the other reports, this one ranges beyond its specific subject to discuss our "rubbish heap philosophy" and the implications of our *laissez-faire* attitudes when applied to the environment. (Are industrialists really free to poison the air we breathe and the water we drink?) *Old Age: The Last Segregation* ($1.95), by project director Claire Townsend, homes in on that 10 per cent of our population, the aged, who, in a culture oriented toward youth, are condemned to merely and often miserably subsist. *What to Do with Your Bad Car* ($1.50), written by Nader himself, with Lowell Dodge and Ralf Hotchkiss, is subtitled *An Action Manual for Lemon Owners*. Listing specific suggestions on how to avoid buying a lemon in the first place and what to do if you've already goofed, *What to Do*'s authors also helpfully include both the business and home addresses of all major automobile executives. "Dear Mr. Iaccoca . . ."

Some of Nader's cohorts have joined forces with the Sierra Club, which has long been a vigilant defender of the natural wilderness. *Mercury* ($2.25), by former raiders Katherine and Peter Montague, starts off a new, militant, and happily readable series called Sierra Club Battlebooks with a well-documented exposé of what Senator Philip Hart has described as "the greatest environmental crisis in our history." Excess mercury is now not only in the fish we eat but the grain of our bread.

Oil on Ice, by Tom Brown (Sierra Battlebook, $1.95), describes what may happen to the frozen Alaska tundra, beneath which lie some 100 billion barrels of oil. If the oil industry goes ahead with its plans to lay down 800 miles of pipelines, there goes our last great wilderness.

In *The Environmental Law Handbook* (Ballantine, Friends of the Earth Book. $1.25). attorneys Norman J. Landau and Paul D. Rheingold clarify everyman's constitutional rights to clean air and water and provide essential details on how the alarmed layman can fight city hall and maybe, with luck, even win.

Less flamboyant perhaps than painting, printmaking accounts for a great number of extraordinary works of art. Jean Adhémar's *Twentieth-Century Graphics* (Praeger, $4.95) traces developments in this field from prints by James McNeill Whistler and Edvard Munch to the graphic art of S. W. Hayter and Leonard Baskin. Many other artists more famous for their work in other mediums—Picasso, Kandinsky, and Maillol, for example—have turned to and mastered at least a number of the copious variety of printing techniques. (As Adhémar reminds us, the term "prints" encompasses not only line engravings and etchings, but mezzotint, lithographs, woodcuts, book illustrations, and the plaster print.) The book is richly illustrated with color and black-and-white prints.

Pen and wash drawing by Olaf Gulbransson in the magazine Simplicissimus.

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Book Business

Alan Green

Ten years ago Doubleday's Ken McCormick began a correspondence with Beatrice Lillie urging her to set down her memoirs. From time to time he heard from her manager, John Philip, that "Bea likes your letters" and that she continued to be charmed by the suggestion. Eventually she signed a contract in Ken's office, on his bent-over back (a photograph of this Bea-like performance was printed in *Life*). Two years later on the *Tonight Show* she triumphantly waved a ream of paper proclaiming it to be her completed autobiography. Unfortunately, the paper was blank. Miss Lillie or, as *Burke's Peerage* puts it, Lady Peel, made frequent subsequent appearances in Ken's office, where—using any handy piece of furniture, office equipment, or galley proofs as props—she gave impromptu performances. These contributed enormously to the gaiety of the Doubleday precincts but not a hell of a lot to the adornment of the Doubleday list. Now all delaying tactics have been exhausted, and next spring will see the publication of *Every Other Inch a Lady*, by Beatrice Lillie, aided and abetted by John Philip and written with James Brough.

In it she recounts her life from her Canadian childhood through her stage, screen, and television careers; her friendships and performances with the likes of Noël Coward and Gertrude Lawrence; her marriage to Lord Peel and encounters with the often startled nobility; the death of her son and, much later, Peel. Bea Lillie no longer appears often in public, although some will remember her at a recent Museum of Modern Art showing of her films, where, asked to say a few words, she complied and then momentarily bared one breast, murmuring, "You see, I haven't lost touch with the modern theater."

Ken McCormick once told me that Pierre Salinger plays a very active role in the promotion of his books abroad. I wrote Salinger, and back came a letter detailing his platform, TV, and bookstore appearances during the months following the publication of *With Kennedy* in Great Britain, Italy, Germany, and France. Now he's been doing the same things plus magazine and newspaper interviews for *On Instructions of My Government*. This isn't unique for a best-selling author, but Salinger is particularly equipped to handle it well: his mother was born a Frenchwoman, and he is fluent in her native tongue. His wife is also French and "becomes," he says, "extremely involved in editing the French translations of my books." Good thing she does. In the first translation of *With Kennedy*, Earl Warren came out as *Le Comte* Warren.

Stephen Birmingham portrayed in *Our Crowd* the aristocratic and often affluent German Jews who immigrated to the U.S. and founded many of the great American Jewish families. It was a deserved best seller and a valuable, though never intended to be complete, story of the Jew in this country. Next month Coward, McCann & Geoghegan will publish Ande Manners's *Poor Cousins*, an account of the Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe who came to New York after 1880 and filtered out into the rest of America at the turn of the century. How the members of "our crowd" reacted to the three million "poor cousins," fearing their influence on the American image of the Jew and striving mightily to educate the newcomers into Western ways, is a fascinating story of a still unresolved culture clash studded on both sides with famous names and astonishing successes. The book's potential popularity stimulated Coward, McCann's salesmen to double the advance sales estimate.

Remember *Naked Came the Stranger*, a novel of scandalous lust in the suburbs? It was presumably written by Penelope Ashe. Although shortly after the book's publication, Penelope turned out to be twenty-four people in the communications industry, each of whom wrote a chapter of the one-note story, an attractive young woman whose real name was, and still is, Billie Young appeared in the ads for the novel and was widely interviewed on TV and radio talk shows as its author. *Naked* did quite well and went successfully into paperback. Today Billie Young is an owner of Ashley Books, a small publishing house two of whose current titles are *The Naked Chef* and *I'm in Bed with the President and Mao Tse-tung Is Knocking at the Door*. The first of these is a cookbook of exotic dishes that pretend—against the medical evidence—to be aphrodisiac. (They resisted calling it *Aphrodisia What?*) I'm told by a pretty good cook that the recipes are for real—as food, not as stimulation—and quite worth adding to one's repertoire. The comments accompanying them are sly and sometimes witty. The other book is labored. One thing it is laboring against, at this writing, is *The New York Times* which, I'm told by Ashley's advertising agency, won't accept an ad for it. Exactly what the *Times* was objecting to wasn't apparent from the rejected copy that I saw. Maybe the title. Or the line in small type "the hippest dirty book since *Candy*." Perhaps they fear that the American Sugar Institute would resent this coupling of candy and hip.

In 1900, Helen Bradley was born in a Yorkshire village and into a way of life that seems almost beyond recapture. But not for Mrs. Bradley. Though she had never painted before, when she was past sixty, she took up brushes and oils to show her young granddaughter what her own childhood had been like. Since then Mrs. Bradley's paintings, which have been exhibited in Europe and America, have been widely praised and purchased. Her showing in London last year was acclaimed by the *International Herald Tribune* as "the enchantment of the season . . . better than whole volumes of social history."

A collection of thirty-two of Mrs. Bradley's marvelously droll and detailed paintings illustrate her narrative for *And Miss Carter Wore Pink: Scenes from an Edwardian Childhood*, a best seller in England. Next April Holt, Rinehart & Winston will publish the book here, where it should evoke the same pleased comparisons with the art of

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Grandma Moses that it already has overseas.

"The Edwardian era was lovely, gay, and exciting," says Mrs. Bradley. "Even the weather was kinder."

Last September, commenting on a Putnam headline for a *Capone* advertisement, "The new best seller from the publishers of *The Godfather*," I wondered how many readers thought they were influenced in their book buying by the publisher's reputation. Quite a few replied, and most largely or wholly discounted the publisher's name as a reason to purchase. Four stated that, other factors being equal, they favored a Knopf book, reasonably citing the past and present excellence of the Borzoi list. Three said they looked for Dover books because of Dover's policy of publishing the offbeat, almost regardless of possible sales. One of the Dover fans added that she preferred books about music published by Norton. Doubleday books are resisted by one correspondent because of the "poor bindings" of certain of their less expensive reprint editions; another noted that she favored Doubleday (Crime Club) mysteries but didn't think that would affect her buying. A second woman reported that when she was eleven years old she read every book in her public library that was a) published by Longmans, Green and b) less than an inch thick. One reader, correctly I think, suggested that a good reason for the Putnam headline was to remind people that they meant to read *The Godfather*. The Modern Library and Abrams art books received some favorable comment. No one cited any publisher for "sexploitation" although friends in and around publishing had told me to expect that kind of complaint. Evidently they underestimated the broadmindedness of *SR*'s readers.

When McGraw-Hill announced its acquisition of the Howard Hughes autobiography, a Hughes spokesman threw doubt on the story. But, Albert Leventhal, McGraw-Hill vice president, assures me that they have a signed contract, a cleared check in advance royalties for the book, and a completed 1,000-page manuscript. The next day the Hughes spokesman repeated the denial, and McGraw-Hill stuck to its guns. Another Khrushchev case?

On the 9th of November 1971, The General Conference of UNESCO, recognizing "the importance of the written word for the progress of civilization" and the "fundamental function" of books in "peace . . . , the promotion of human rights, and the campaign against racialism and colonialization . . . , proclaims 1972 International Book Year." And so, a happy IBY to you all.

Leslie Fiedler

(Continued from page 28)

The forty-two essays here have been grouped into three categories: "To the Gentiles," "Unfinished Business," and "Cross the Border—Close the Gap." More specifically, these essays deal with Jewish culture, popular culture, and an assortment of other ideas and issues previously treated in Fiedler's other essays and books. While this may sound inviting enough, for the reader who has already worked his way through the first volume, Volume II can only come as a let-down. Not that the writings are in any way inferior. It is simply that the over-all lack of organization (of the two volumes) suddenly becomes apparent.

Why, for instance, have some of the follow-up essays in Volume II been placed hundreds of pages from the Volume I essays they refer to? The original essay on Montana, for example, is continued in two shorter pieces in Volume II called "Montana: P.S." and "Montana: P.P.S.," wherein Fiedler tells us that "There is nothing I would want to change in my original piece. . . ." Why another article on the Rosenbergs—this time a dialogue—which Fiedler tells us "is really a prescript rather than a postscript, having been written some half-year before the former"? Why didn't Fiedler do a better job of arranging his essays? He tells us rather too cavalierly in the general introduction to the two volumes: "Even when I have changed my mind radically about matters treated in one or another essay, I have not revised or altered anything. The reader patient enough or moved enough to read through to the end of these two volumes will discover not only where I am now in my feelings and ideas, but also where I have been all along the way." That is the rationale of simple laziness. I can find no other explanation. The repetition in Volume II is inexcusable. One gets the impression that Fiedler didn't even bother to read his essays in sequence, or there wouldn't be the tiresome repetition of ideas, drawn from Fiedler's usual stock of examples. Again, by the time the reader arrives at "Henry Roth's Neglected Masterpiece"—*Call It Sleep*—this novel has been discussed in so many of the earlier essays that there is very little to discover by reading the essay entirely devoted to it.

But the unpardonable sin of Fiedler's *Collected Essays* is his inclusion of an entire essay in Volume II that the reader has already read six hundred pages earlier in Volume I. That's right. In Volume I he calls the essay "Looking Backward: America from Europe." In Volume II it goes under another title, "Our Country and Our Culture." Did Fiedler believe his readers would miss this sort of thing? No, I think it was something else, and I suspect that he would agree with this: damned few people are going to sit down and read 1100 pages of his essays in one fell swoop. What Fiedler should have done if he'd had a little less *chutzpah* and more *pudeur* (to use one of his own distinctions for categorizing writing) is issue of one-volume edition of his work called "The Best of Leslie Fiedler" or "The Leslie Fiedler Reader."

Very few people, I predict, are going to run out and buy these two volumes. For one thing, they cost a fortune. Yet the publisher was so cost-conscious that he didn't even bother to reset the type of the original two books; hence half of Volume I is in one type face and the second half in another. Why would anyone fork out $12.50 for Volume I when all he needs to do is buy both books in previously published paperback editions for about a third of the price? So it comes down to this: Fiedler did a shabby job of editing these books; his publisher did an equally sorry job of producing them.

What's left? A good bit, for in spite of my rage over the general shoddiness of Fiedler's *Collected Essays*, I remain a Fiedler fan. There are still a remarkable number of first-rate pieces of criticism in these two volumes and, no matter what I say here, Volume II, especially, will be read and discussed for a long time to come. Why? Because, with the exception of the one duplication already noted, it is composed of materials not previously brought together in any edition. His remarks on Simone Weil in "To the Gentiles," which are as sensitive as anything he has written, provide clues for an understanding of Fiedler himself. The long essay entitled "The Jew in the American Novel" is a particularly comprehensive piece of writing. "An Almost Imaginary Interview: Hemingway in Ketchum" is nothing less than brilliant, the finest essay in the volume because Fiedler is a part of this essay as much as Hemingway is. Written a few months before Hemingway's death, on an occasion when Fiedler was trying to talk the Nobel Prize-winner into giving a lecture at the University of Montana, "Hemingway in Ketchum" is one of the most devastating examples of demythicization ever written. Fiedler expects that Hemingway's handshake will be a "bone-crushing grip"; instead he can hardly feel the clasp at all. And what is the first thing Hemingway says to Professor Fiedler? " 'Fiedler? Leslie Fiedler. Do you still believe that st— st— stuff about Huck Finn?' "

Indeed he does. And so do I.

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THE MYTH OF THE GUERRILLA:
Revolutionary Theory and Malpractice

by J. Bowyer Bell

Knopf, 301 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

■ No "myth of the guerrilla," one would think, could survive the very first paragraph of this book. Here the author quite properly asserts that "the techniques and tactics today called guerrilla formed the central and almost only means of armed combat" during a long period in the history of warfare. If there are romantic revolutionaries in this country who regard guerrilla warfare as an infallible means for overthrowing Western imperialist powers and their client regimes in the underdeveloped countries, if they look upon it as a nursery of democratic ideals and school of civic virtue, if the tender-minded among them think of the guerrilla fighter as a being at once heroic and gentle while the tough-minded are happy to believe him heroic and implacable—then they are in need of J. Bowyer Bell's reminder.

Guerrilla war, he tells us, is war. Everything associated with the history of organized slaughter, whether admirable or abominable, is associated equally with guerrilla war, which is simply combat on a relatively primitive technical level. In modern times the distinction is primarily that between military operations carried on by foot soldiers (in rare instances by mounted men, as most recently in the case of the Makhno rebellion in the Ukraine after the October Revolution) and campaigns employing armor, aircraft, substantial amounts of artillery and other crew-served weapons, and exploiting motor vehicles for transport. Comparatively primitive equipment does not, of course, imply a correspondingly primitive strategic and tactical level of operations. The stalemated positional warfare that took place in France between 1914 and 1918, with its mass-processing of troops into casualties, for example, is one kind of military folly that is ruled out by the terms of guerrilla struggle. In the last analysis, it is warfare undertaken by the poor against the rich, the weaponless against the well-armed. Infallible? Looked at abstractly, from the standpoint of relative firepower, it is war undertaken against the heaviest odds.

That being the case, Mr. Bell's dictum can do good service elsewhere than among the romantics of the Left. There are plenty of theorists among the professional military, and what might be called the paraprofessional military—those political scientists, sociologists, and psychologists specializing in counterinsurgency—who could also profit from his suggestion that guerrilla war is war. In practice, counterinsurgency means the massacre of populations, and it would be an advantage for the practitioners if they could go about that business without euphemisms, without theories, and without compunction. As things stand, they are cruelly hampered by the assumption that it is their business to spread sweetness and light. If we seek a monument to the ineptness of such an approach we need only look at Vietnam, where a decade of "pacification," "accelerated urbanization," "free elections," and "winning hearts and minds" has lost us the war. It has been not so much a case of underestimating the enemy as of misconceiving what he is up to. Our professional soldiers, too, have been galactic distances away from recognizing what they were contending against. If not, how can we explain the fact that successive military commanders have assured three American Presidents over a period of ten years that they could satisfactorily end a civil war in a country thousands of miles from their own home base, with the few troops vouchsafed them by the grudging American nation?

For the scandal of the Vietnamese war, militarily speaking, has been the penury in terms of manpower that the American field commanders have been obliged to accept—and agreed, at the highest level, to accept. We must assume that our military chiefs had not absorbed the definition to which Mr. Bell recurs again and again, and which we have glossed here as warfare on a primitive technical level. Rather than responding appropriately to the conditions imposed by that form of warfare, the various arms have been urging solutions that amount to little more than their own highly sophisticated technical specialties writ large. This attempt to turn their subordinate functions into grand strategy is a natural enough development in a struggle where the only effectual strategies—flooding the country with American infantry or obliterating it with atomic weapons—had been ruled out as politically unacceptable.

The most obvious example, of course, is that of the Air Force. Undeterred by the results of saturation-bombing in Germany during the Second World War—it demolished cities but had only a minor effect on industry, transport, and the outcome of the war—the Air Force has expended prodigious quantities of explosives on a nation that lives chiefly by farming and handicrafts, that transports civilian goods and war material largely by bicycle, and whose military leaders decline to mass troops in sufficient concentrations to offer a fit target for bombs. In thus exemplifying Santayana's definition of fanaticism—"redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim"—the Air Force has not really outstripped the other services. Intelligence, not so long

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WHAT'S ON THE MENU?

Elaine Rich of Tokyo, Japan, invites you to partake of the food and drink mentioned in these extracts. For payment, just identify the author of each; give yourself a bonus if you can also name the work. Tally your check on page 38.

1. Home, and, being wash-day, dined upon cold meat. ( )
2. "Honey or condensed milk with your bread?" "Both, . . . but don't bother about the bread, please." ( )
3. "And now I'll have a cup of tea, and one of those nice cucumber sandwiches you promised me." ( )
4. . . . and after soup and meat, . . ./Cliff took two glasses and filled one with wine/And one with wormwood. ( )
5. And better 'twere that both of us did fast . . .
   Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. ( )
6. Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
   Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis? ( )
7. For he on honey-dew hath fed,
   And drunk the milk of Paradise. ( )
8. A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
   Beside me singing in the Wilderness. ( )
9. She found me roots of relish sweet,
   And honey wild, and manna dew. ( )
10. There never was such a goose. . . . Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. ( )

a. Coleridge
b. Dickens
c. T. S. Eliot
d. Keats
e. Milne
f. Omar Khayyam
g. Pepys
h. E. A. Robinson
i. Shakespeare
j. Wilde

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ago, advised a raid on a prisoner-of-war camp that held no prisoners, and, as a South Vietnamese tank officer commented during the invasion of Cambodia, sent armor to terrain where it could not maneuver. Indeed, there has been an air of desperation about the entire American military effort at least since the Tet offensive told the world what only our company-grade officers had hitherto suspected: namely, that we were fighting an enemy who had accepted combat on vastly unequal terms because he meant business and because, humanly speaking, he had no alternative.

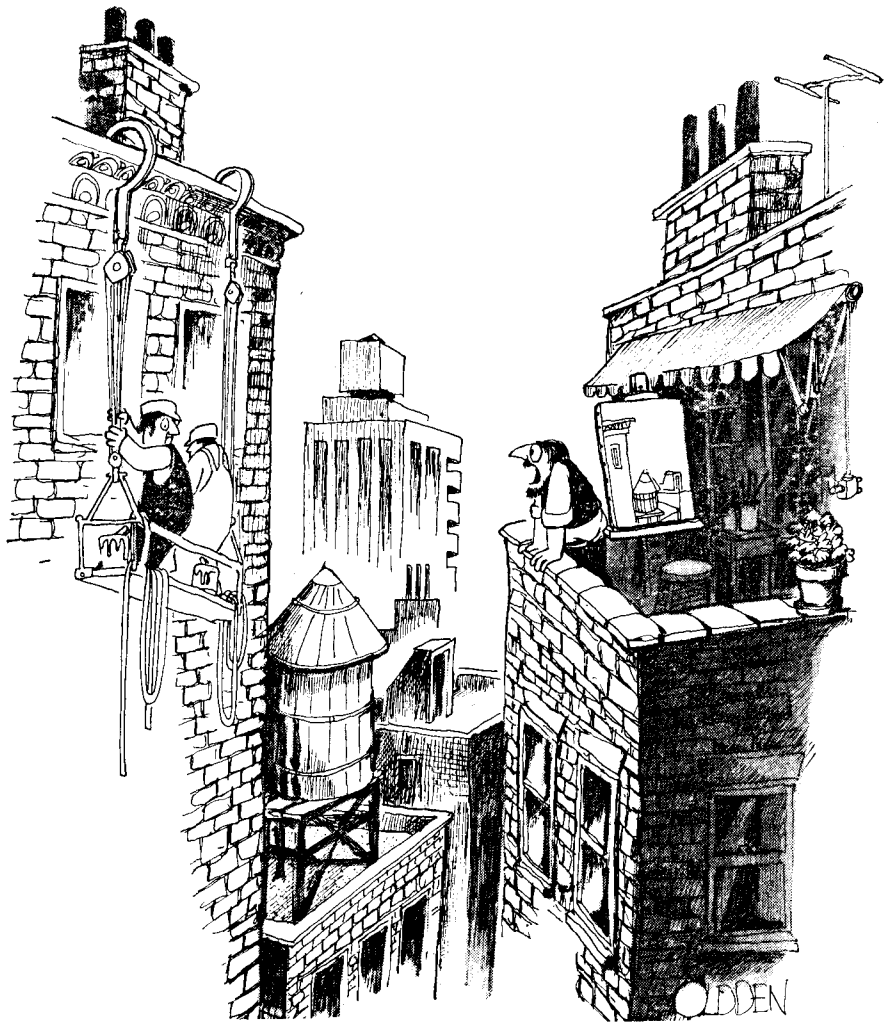
That is probably the real meaning of guerrilla war under modern conditions, a meaning acknowledged but scarcely explored by Mr. Bell in his wide-ranging, informative, and yet ultimately self-contradictory study. It is not that he lacks penetration, but rather that he has fallen prey himself to a kind of "myth of the guerrilla," a counter-myth analogous to that which has bemused our generals, and entrapped them in a war whose outcome—barring total mobilization in the U.S. or the use of atomic weapons—has been predictable from the start.

There has been speculation, indeed, that the Joint Chiefs of Staff were originally opposed to the policy of intervening in Vietnam; the rumor is that those officers, with memories of Korea still fresh, objected on strategic grounds to another "peninsular campaign." Nevertheless, if the Joint Chiefs hesitated at first, they obviously found it possible to take a more sanguine view in the sequel. It is unthinkable that the President—any President—could undertake such an operation against the advice of his military commanders.

But if their initial opposition reflected the lessons of history, what can have persuaded them to change their views? Two reasons come to mind. The first is that, in terms of the global military policy of the United States, the civil war in Vietnam could be classified as another manifestation of the threat of communist power. In geopolitical terms, moreover, it could be seen as a threat with the weight of China behind it, just as in the Korean example. Moreover, this was a China that had not yet exploded an atomic bomb, and which, accordingly, might be regarded as vulnerable to a knockout blow.

Parenthetically, the strategic assumptions about China's inherent tendency to expand are, to my mind, not wholly moonshine—no more than the much-cited, much-decried "domino theory." Modern China is a new creation; as she becomes an increasingly powerful industrial nation, her historically centripetal and isolationist policy grows less and less relevant to the real conditions of her existence. Hence her interest in entering the United Nations. Hence her countenancing President Nixon's gestures at peaceful coexistence, while her own dogma condemns any such acquiescence as criminally counter-revolutionary. As for the famous dominoes, can it seriously be argued that the existence of an avowedly socialist regime in a united Vietnam, carrying out land reform, industrializing, expropriating foreign enterprises, voting *contra* the Western bloc in the United Nations, would not be an awkward example to set before impoverished nations around the world? The war in Vietnam has been fought, on our side, over the principle of Western hegemony. One's opinion of the war flows directly from one's view of the legitimacy or desirability of Western hegemony.

Given such a view of the significance of the civil war in Vietnam, the Joint Chiefs, it seems to me, needed to make only one more assumption before assenting to American intervention on a large scale: they had to believe that the potential military power of the Vietcong, and of North Vietnam, was next to negligible. How can they have been led to do so? Easily enough. They fell into what might have come to be known forever as "Bell's fallacy" had he not been preceded in it by so many distinguished thinkers. Though military doctrine harps endlessly, and with good reason, on the importance of "morale," it is difficult to assess the morale of a stranger. Sun Tzu's doctrine, 2500 years old, that one must understand the enemy's situation and the enemy's character, is particularly difficult to put into practice when a modern army faces guerrilla fighters. How could the commanders of our unimaginably destructive weapons put themselves in the place of peasants and ideologues who accepted battle on terms so immensely disadvantageous? How, never having suffered endemic national poverty and a hundred years of colonial humiliation, could they measure the resolve of men who wanted no more of those things? And how could they be expected to remember that their super-weapons were designed to terrorize superpowers, and were ill-adapted for achieving military victory over an armed peasantry? The true "myth of the guerrilla," on the showing of our recent experience in the matter (Cuba, Algeria, Vietnam), and in part on Mr.



"I said, what color do you plan to paint it?"

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Bell's showing, too, is the myth that guerrilla warfare is necessarily an affair of the rabble in arms. In terms of that myth, the spectacle is moving, of course. Even inspiriting. But in the end pathetic, and—as Queen Victoria said of the labor movement—*so* misguided.

That is indeed Mr. Bell's thesis, as distinct from what an alert reader can be expected to deduce from his study. That account is supported by research undertaken in his own person halfway around the world, consulting not archives merely but living militants in guerrilla struggles—past, in preparation, in uncertain existence (he did not interview the victorious Vietcong), or in a status merely notional or ceremonial. Mr. Bell shows enormous good will in his attitude toward the aspirations of many of the groups and personalities involved in anti-colonial struggles. He shows also an obtuseness that is proof even against his own intelligent appreciation of the significance of colonial revolution, that distinguishing feature of the history of the later twentieth century. At bottom, he feels that Western hegemony is historically justified, that it is still effective, that it can scarcely be threatened by the anomaly of brown or black men armed with automatic small arms. This leads him to pose, uncharacteristically, the vulgar and tiresome riddle that goes: "If Guevara was a great soldier, how come he was killed miserably in Bolivia?" The answer to which is a vulgar and tiresome: "How come Napoleon lost Moscow, was defeated at Borodino, and had to flee the field of Waterloo?" Mr. Bell, too, has forgotten that guerrilla war is war, and that war is partly a matter of hazard—have we not learned in Vietnam that God is not necessarily on the side of the big battalions? In a struggle of that kind the victory goes, not to this or that man, but to the forces that can wait, that can accept a thousand defeats, because in the last analysis they have nothing to lose. The modern history of Bolivia is not yet written, but definitive phases of the history of other regions, from tiny Cuba to China, have indeed been written, and that by the peasants who took up the meager weapons of poverty to wage guerrilla war.

Emile Capouya, a frequent essayist for SR, is literary editor of The Nation.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 g: (*Diary*), 2e: (*Winnie-the-Pooh*), 3j: (*Importance of Being Earnest*), 4h: (*Cliff Klingenhagen*), 5i: (*Taming of the Shrew*), 6c: (*Love Song of . . . Prufrock*), 7a: (*Kubla Khan*), 8f: (*Rubáiyát*), 9d: (*Belle Dame . . .*), 10 b: (*Christmas Carol*).

ALIENATION AND ECONOMICS

by Walter A. Weisskopf

Dutton, 202 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Eisner

■ "This book," states Walter A. Weisskopf, "is not a 'scientific' discourse but a tract about the philosophy that underlies Western social and economic thinking and acting." But those who prefer tracts about philosophy to scientific discourse may be deterred by some of his turgid prose and slippery abstractions.

Weisskopf sees "alienation" as resulting from "the separation between actuality and potentiality in human existence" and from "consciousness" which enables man to "envision what is not, but could be." Thus a "social value-attitude system" determines what aspects of the "human person" are suppressed. The value system that underlies capitalist repression is the "rational economic ethic" (a term attributed to Max Weber). And rationalism somehow involves "the repression of human propensities toward relaxation, release, laziness, sin and planlessness."

What is worse, there has been, according to the author, an abandonment of "critical reason" (which concerns itself with ends) for "technical reason" (which focuses only on means). This has led to the triumph of "value-relativism" in economics and among the technically-minded who control our values and our society. It reaches its apotheosis in the principles of the free market, where one cannot complain that any production is right or wrong. As long as individuals have freedom of choice, what is produced is what they want most and want badly enough to work for.

Weisskopf repeats the Galbraithian argument that the new industrial state has made a mockery of consumer sovereignty as advertisers (and the military-industry complex, not mentioned by Weisskopf) dictate our "wants," and production and employment become the purpose of consumption, instead of the reverse. This Weisskopf ties to "GNP-fetishism," which he takes to be worship of the goal of ever more market goods and services, regardless of their effect on the quality and "multidimensionality and . . . balance of life."

Along the way the author inveighs against certain theoretical concepts of "welfare economics," which in effect point out that the only *value-free* policies that can be labeled desirable are those which help at least one person without hurting anybody. But Weisskopf here ignores the fact that economists do introduce values or *social welfare functions* which enable them to promote policies that help some at the expense of others. It is important that they distinguish these policies from value-free propositions, and it would be a pity if Weisskopf would have them do otherwise. The serious problem may be not that economists are value-free but rather that they do not always make clear the very critical values or assumptions implicit in their policies, whether in the Johnson economists' tax surcharge to combat inflation, which took the war as given, or in the current surcharge and exchange alterations to "improve" our balance of payments, which take both heavy military expenditures and investment abroad as given.

Economics as a discipline is not without faults. In its proper concern with scientific rigor it reveals a discomfiting tendency to irrelevance. As a social science it has been disconcertingly slow to tackle critical problems—whether depression, development, racism, or ecology—frequently doing so only after those in search of answers have found them, or are thought to have found them, elsewhere.

But it is hard to see that reason and science and objectivity and increased production are the repressors of individual freedom and self-fulfillment. And those who have put their own values above principles of modern economics have had to learn some hard lessons, in the Soviet Union and Cuba and China—and Washington.

Robert Eisner, professor of economics at Northwestern University, has for the past few months been Visiting Distinguished Professor of Economic Policy at the State University of New York at Binghamton.

WIT TWISTER #249

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

With tape and — — — — — — —,
patiently she mends

Her tattered — — — — — — —,
while from its small nook

A — — — — — — — cherub
chubby hands extends

To bless the lady and her hallowed book.

—A.S.

(Answer on page 61)

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MultiMedia Editor: IRVING KOLODIN

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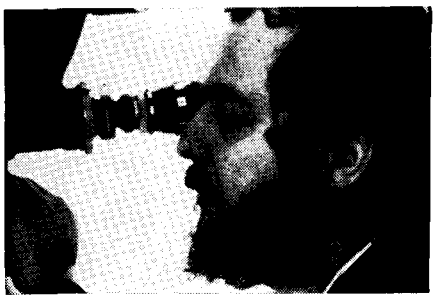

Stanley Kubrick

"A Clockwork Orange"

Cole Porter

1984 is, thanks to Stanley Kubrick, already upon us in his just-opened *A Clockwork Orange,* derived from a novel by Anthony Burgess. What the director aimed for in his commentary on life in an Orwellian London is set forth in an interview with Penelope Houston, of *Sight and Sound.* What he achieved is the subject of a searching commentary by Hollis Alpert.

1971 in Minneapolis was notable for a new attack on the problem of preserving a locally based repertory theater. Drama editor Henry Hewes reports on the effect of Michael Langham's innovating leadership.

1958 was the date of the last song composed by Cole Porter in a sequence dating back to his "Bobolink Waltz," published in 1902 when he was a subteen-ager. But Porter never has been aliver than he is today, as composer-conductor-pianist Leo Smit discloses in his investigation of the classical roots of such melodic blossoms as "Night and Day" and "All Through the Night." Complementing Smit's instructive insights are a new *Bobby Short Loves Cole Porter* album (Atlantic stereo, 2-606, $11.98), in which the high priest of Porteriana documents his affection in a résumé of twenty-four choice songs, and a magnificent volume of text and pictures titled simply *Cole.*

1871 is alive again with the arrival, on December 24, 1971, of the hundredth anniversary of the first performance of Verdi's *Aïda.* William Weaver's centenary survey explains the why of its first hearing in Cairo's then-new Opera House in the presence of Ismail Pasha, who commissioned it. The theater remained in being and in use until a few weeks before the anniversary, when it caught fire and burned to a shell. Photographer John Ross depicts it in its glory and in its ashes.

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Milk-Plus and Ultra-Violence

by HOLLIS ALPERT

It is hardly coincidence that the last three films made by Stanley Kubrick have been set in the future, for there is no director around who is more obsessed by the nightmare potentials of science and technology: their application to the pursuits of peace and war, their shock tremors on human behavior. From *Dr. Strangelove,* through *2001: A Space Odyssey,* to his latest, *A Clockwork Orange,* his visions are wondrously bold, yet far removed from and far superior to the more typical realms of science fiction and film. The future in *Dr. Strangelove* is almost any time from now, that moment when the systems misfire and the whole world blows. His "space odyssey" specifies the year but mainly presupposes the first human contact with extraterrestrial intelligence and implies a transmutation of mankind, an inkling of an evolutionary leap greater than that from ape to man. In *A Clockwork Orange,* the extension into the future is more realistically based. Using as his text the Anthony Burgess novel, Kubrick merely builds upon tendencies already existing in today's societies.

Those tendencies focused upon are the growth in youthful violence, the drug cultures, and the extraordinary increase in eroticism. It takes little intuition to recognize that the three are somehow related. The Burgess novel nightmarishly assumes a future England where teen-aged hoodlums terrorize the more placid folk once dark has descended. It appears to be a time when society is ineffectually socialistic and the disaffected teen-agers speak a lingo that is part Russian, part Cockney, and part pure Burgess. Without a glossary the novel is hard going for a while, but with diligent application it fascinates and makes a certain surreal sense. Kubrick's screenplay makes use of the teen-agers' language, called Nadsat, but sparingly, and is much more easily followed.

A Clockwork Orange begins with a blank orange screen, and first heard is Purcell's *Music for the Funeral of Queen Mary,* as adapted for the Moog Synthesizer by Walter Carlos. Then comes a leering close-up of Alex, the film's narrator and chief character, and this close-up sets a faintly sinister and satiric mood that is never deserted for the two hours and fifteen minutes that follow. Alex has a baby face, large light-blue eyes, and sports a black derby. On one eye he wears false eyelashes. The camera draws back, and we see him sitting in a place called the Korova Milkbar with his three similarly attired friends. They are sitting very quietly, staring directly and challengingly at us, and on the soundtrack Alex (played by Malcolm McDowell) begins his story:

"There was me, that is, Alex, and my three droogs, that is, Pete, Georgie, and Dim, and we were sitting in the Korova Milkbar, trying to make up our rassoodocks what to do with the evening . . . ." And we know we are in for no ordinary movie. A droog, for the uninitiated, is a friend or pal; for rassoodocks, read "minds." The Korova is a peculiar milk bar in that one can drink "the cold moloko" fixed with drugs called "vellocet," or "synthemesc," or "drencrom." These boys are drinking drencrom, and it sets them up nicely (or "horrorshow") for an evening of what they call "ultra-violence." So they make their fun-filled rounds, beating and stomping an old drunk, having a crashing good time messing up a rival gang of teen-agers, then invading the home of a writer for another stomp and the gang rape of his wife.

We're obviously not too far into the future. Alex's home in Municipal Flat Block 18A has a lobby that reveals the nocturnal visitations of other young vandals: the elevator doors are banged out of shape, a socialistic mural on the wall has been defaced with obscene graffiti, the floor is littered with trash. His room, though, is his haven: There he can place a cassette in the stereo and listen to the wondrous music of a composer he calls Ludwig Van. The Ninth Symphony in particular provokes blissful fantasies in which he indulges his impulses to his heart's content. The "lovely pictures" he sees (or "viddies") have to do with stomping, knifing, and raping. No sex with love for him. And with the "Ode to Joy" resounding through the room, he reaches his own climax.

In lesser hands, this kind of thing could be disgusting or hateful, but curiously, as Kubrick handles it, it isn't. For one thing, the stylization throughout is constant. Every scene, every shot even, is seasoned with touches of satire, mordant humor, and a soupçon of the sinister. And clearly, for Kubrick, music and image can be allied for the enhancement of each. Every sequence has its musical accompaniment, ranging from the before-mentioned Purcell theme to Gene Kelly's rendition of "Singin' in the Rain," and each, by the way, has a plot purpose. Music is part and parcel of the whole.

When Alex and his droogs battle a gang led by the SS-helmeted Billyboy, the balletic overture to Rossini's *The Thieving Magpie* accompanies the balletic ultra-violence. On the whole, Kubrick seems most partial to the Purcell and to Beethoven's Ninth, but he mingles straight symphonic with Moog transcriptions by Mr. Carlos. These teen-agers have obviously gone far beyond rock, although there is still a vogue among the pre-teens, whom we meet in the Record Bootick, for the old-style stuff.

Alex is finally caught by the "millicents" (or police) after his battle with the "cat lady"—set up by his droogs after they tire of his leadership. This strikingly horrific scene is probably meant also as a demonstration of the way, in this future time, erotic art has become commonplace among the more gentle folk. The so-called cat lady runs a "health farm," keeps dozens of cats, and has decorated the walls of her exercise studio with erotic paintings. The most prominent *objet d'art,* though, is a large white phallic sculpture that rocks suggestively when touched. Alex employs it to subdue the outraged health addict. End of cat lady and time for society's retribution.

And time for Part Two of Alex's strange adventures, which begin with his informing us that "this is the real weepy and like tragic part of the story, O my brothers." In Alex's world, the state is as concerned about coping with wanton violence as we are in our own. The State Jails are crowded and merely breed more criminality. We learn they'll probably soon be more jammed with "politicals," and so the Minister of the Interior is ready to test a new means of controlling violence known as "The Ludovico Technique," effective in two weeks. After which, freedom. Alex finds a way of becoming the first test case, even though in prison he has discovered the Bible and gets from it lovely visions of torture, of mayhem (he particularly enjoys flagellating Jesus on his way to Calvary), and of orgies complete with handmaidens and purple grapes.

Oddly, what is done to Alex by the

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The droogs invade the home of a writer for a stomp and gang rape of his wife.

Milk-plus drencrom for Alex (Malcolm McDowell) leads to ultra-violence.

The impulse to violate causes a surge of deathly sickness.

state is a good deal more horrific than what Alex does to others, although, at first glimpse, the Ludovico Technique seems merely an interesting application of conditioned-reflex therapy. To counter his vicious tendencies, he is injected with a drug that makes him inordinately sensitive to scenes of violence and brute sexuality. Then for days at a time he is shown films that depict a man being beaten into insensibility, a woman being gang-raped, and, eventually, the Nazi war machine attempting to strafe the world into submission. Formerly, the films would have given him keen pleasure; now, with the drug, they make him almost literally sick to death. To ensure that he won't blink or turn away from the sights, he is strapped into a rigid position and his eyes are held open by an ingenious contraption. Unfortunately and ironically for Alex, the musical accompaniment for the Nazi documentary scenes is—again—Ludwig Van's Ninth. Thus he is conditioned against Beethoven too.

A shockingly marvelous scene has Alex being demonstrated to officialdom as "cured." On a brilliantly lit stage, Alex is knocked about brutally and forced to lick the boot of his tormentor. His impulse to resist only leads to dreadful nausea. Then, a bare-breasted beauty comes out on stage and approaches him. No sooner does he reach his hands toward that inviting bosom than he becomes nauseous again. "Observe all," intones the Minister of the Interior, and at the end of the demonstration there is enthusiastic applause. A cure for violence has been found; Alex will never rape again.

Alex is out in the world once more, mechanistically conditioned. The writer, met again by Alex, is now an invalid, his raped wife dead. Kubrick makes him as mad as Strangelove when he wreaks his revenge by playing what the boy cannot tolerate above all—Beethoven's Ninth. It is when Alex is driven to a suicide attempt that he becomes a *cause célèbre*, so that the state is forced to uncondition him and allow him to pursue, once again, his feckless ways. No morals are drawn, no direct meanings implied, no solutions advocated by the tale. There were ambiguities in the novel. They remain in the film and clearly by Kubrick's choice, for his handling throughout is confident, even

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Kubrick Country

by PENELOPE HOUSTON

Stanley Kubrick lives just north of London, in film-making territory; the Elstree Studios and the old MGM Studios at Borehamwood are both just around the corner, not much farther away than a Jack Nicklaus drive. Kubrick has made all his films in Britain since *Lolita* (1961); but in a remarkable way he has kept himself apart from all worlds, appearing neither as an expatriate American film-maker nor as a resident British director. From *Lolita* on, his films have been set in Kubrick country.

After *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968), Kubrick had intended to make a film about Napoleon and had advanced some considerable way toward the project when it was postponed in the wake of studio retrenchments and nervousness about big-budget commitments. He turned instead to *A Clockwork Orange*, Anthony Burgess's tour de force of identification with Alex, the ultimate teen-ager. Part of the attraction of the novel for Kubrick was obviously its language, the Russian-based argot that Burgess called Nadsat. But, interestingly, it also strikes one as in a sense his first English film. *Lolita* almost consciously played down the American landscape aspects of Nabokov's novel; *Dr. Strangelove* and *2001* were both international movies that could have been made in any country with the film-making resources. The satire of *A Clockwork Orange*, however, seems specifically English in its lines of attack. Stanley Kubrick himself hardly reacts to questions along these lines, preferring to suggest that he has simply filmed an English novel on London locations, and that equivalents for most of the characters could be found in America or anywhere else. Perhaps—but the impression persists that Kubrick country has acquired an English province.

Houston: *Did you read Anthony Burgess's book when it first came out in 1962?*

Kubrick: I first read the book about two-and-a-half years ago. It was given to me by Terry Southern while I was making *2001*, and due to the time pressure I was in, it joined that certain number of books that one has sitting on the shelf waiting to be read. Then one evening I passed the bookshelf, glanced at the paperback still patiently waiting on the shelf, and picked it up. I started to read the book and finished it in one sitting. By the end of Part One, it seemed pretty obvious that it might make a great film. By the end of Part Two, I was *very* excited about it. As soon as I finished it, I immediately reread it. For the next two or three days, I reread it in whole and in part, and did little else but think about it. It seemed to me to be a unique and marvelous work of imagination and perhaps even genius. The narrative invention was magical, the characters were bizarre and exciting, the ideas were brilliantly developed, and, equally important, the story was of a size and density that could be adapted to film without oversimplifying it or stripping it to the bones. In fact, it proved possible to retain most of the narrative in the film. Many people have praised the special language of the book, which is itself a stunning conception, but I don't think sufficient praise has been given for what might be called, for want of a better phrase, the ordinary language, which is, of course, quite extraordinary. For example, when the Minister says at the end of his speech to the press, "But enough of words. Actions speak louder than. Action now. Observe all," Burgess is doing something with language that is really marvelous.

Houston: *Both your last two films involved you in a great deal of research and background reading. It looks here as though you had filmed the novel fairly straight, but did you in fact do research around the edges of the film —the brainwashing technique, for instance?*

Kubrick: Some of my films have started with the accumulating of facts, and from the facts narrative ideas seemed to develop, but of course *A Clockwork Orange* started with a finished story, and I was quite happy to skip the birth pangs of developing an original narrative. As far as technical research is concerned, there obviously wasn't a great deal required. I had certainly read about behavioral psychology and conditioned-reflex therapy, and that was about all that was required in terms of any serious technical background for the story.

Houston: *The shock in the book is when Alex gets to prison, and he says something like, "I'd done all this, and I was fifteen." I don't imagine it could ever work on the screen, but did you even think of casting someone as young as that in the part?*

Kubrick: No. I had Malcolm McDowell in mind right from the third or fourth chapter of my first reading of the book. One doesn't find actors of his genius in all shapes, sizes, and ages. Nor does an actor find many characters like Alex, who is certainly one of the most surprising and enjoyable inventions of fiction. I can think of only one other literary or dramatic comparison, and that is with Richard III. Alex, like Richard, is a character whom you should dislike and fear, and yet you find yourself drawn very quickly into his world and find yourself seeing things through his eyes. It's not easy to say how this is achieved, but it certainly has something to do with his candor and wit and intelligence, and the fact that all the other characters are lesser people, and in some way worse people.

Houston: *The Richard III comparison is superb, but of course with Richard you are safely in the past. There aren't all the immediate associations your audience is going to have with contemporary violence.*

Kubrick: I don't think there's anything to be concerned about here. There is a very wide gulf between reality and fiction, and when one is looking at a film the experience is much closer to a dream than anything else. In this daydream, if you like, one can explore ideas and situations which one is not able to do in reality. One could obviously not enjoy the activities of Richard III if one were actually involved with them, but we *do* enjoy Richard III—and so with Alex.

Alex's adventures are a kind of psychological myth. Our subconscious finds release in Alex, just as it finds release in dreams. It resents Alex being stifled and repressed by authority, however much our conscious mind recognizes the necessity of doing this.

Penelope Houston, one of Britain's best-known writers on films, is editor of *Sight and Sound*.

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The structure of the story is very much like a fairy tale inasmuch as it depends for much of its charm and many of its strong effects on coincidence, and in the symmetry of its plot wherein each of Alex's victims appears again in the final section to deliver retribution. Of course, the story functions on another level, as a social satire dealing with the question of whether behavioral psychology and psychological conditioning are dangerous new weapons for a totalitarian government to use to impose vast controls on its citizens and turn them into little more than robots.

Houston: *How about the stylization of the violence? A lot of it is very funny, and what actually happens to Alex, in the brainwashing sequence, is much more unpleasant to watch than what he does to anyone else.*

Kubrick: Well, of course, the violence in the film is stylized, just as it is in the book. My problem, of course, was to find a way of presenting it in the film without benefit of the writing style. The first section of the film that incorporates most of the violent action is principally organized around the Overture to Rossini's *Thieving Magpie*, and, in a very broad sense, you could say that the violence is turned into dance, although, of course, it is in no way any kind of formal dance. But in cinematic terms, I should say that movement and music must inevitably be related to dance, just as the rotating space station and the docking Orion space ship in *2001* moved to *The Blue Danube*. From the rape on the stage of the derelict casino, to the super-frenzied fight, through the Christ figures cut, to Beethoven's Ninth, the slow-motion fight on the water's edge, and the encounter with the cat lady where the giant white phallus is pitted against the bust of Beethoven, movement, cutting, and music are the principal considerations—dance?

Houston: *And the use of speeded-up motion, in the scene with the two girls Alex picks up at the drugstore?*

Kubrick: Yes, of course, I forgot to mention the high-speed orgy. This scene lasts about forty seconds on the screen and, at two frames per second, took twenty-eight minutes to shoot. I had the idea one night while listening to *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*. The vision of an orgy suggested itself, shot at two frames per second. As it worked out in the film, though, the fast movement *William Tell* was more suitable to the purpose of the scene.

Houston: *In the book, every impression comes to you through Alex's language, through the language Burgess invented. In the film, of course, one's mind switches off the language except when Alex and his droogs are actually talking. What did you feel about the words?*

Kubrick: Well, I think that the special language in the book is certainly one of Burgess's most novel inventions. The words have the advantage of being real words, mostly Russian-based, which are spelled out in phonetic English, specially enhanced by Burgess's wit. Because they are real words, they have an onomatopoetic connection with their meanings. Tolchock sounds like a blow, devotchka evokes a female image, etc.

Houston: *How much of the film was shot on location, and how did you find the places?*

Kubrick: The only sets in the film were the Korova Milkbar, the prison reception area, a mirrored bathroom, and a mirrored hall at the writer's house. These were built because we couldn't find any suitable locations. All the remaining scenes were done on location. I tried to be systematic about the loca-

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tion search. We wanted to find interesting modern architecture, and it seemed that the best way to do this was to buy ten years of back issues of two or three architectural magazines. I spent two weeks going through them with John Barry, the production designer, and we carefully filed and cross-referenced all of the interesting photographs that we found. This proved to be a much more effective approach than just having a couple of location scouts driving around London. As it worked out, most of the interesting locations we finally chose originated from this sifting through of the architectural magazines.

The exteriors of Alex's flat block were filmed at Thamesmead, the largest and most interesting architectural project in London. The striking auditorium, at which the press conference is held, is in a library in South Norwood. The author's house is actually two houses: The exterior was filmed in Oxfordshire and the interior at Radlett. A certain amount of filming was done at Brunel University. The record boutique was filmed at the Chelsea Drugstore. It's very simple now filming in even the most confined interiors. One has a very wide choice of fast, wide-angle lenses to choose from. For example, in the record boutique we shot with a 9.8 mm lens, which has a ninety-degree viewing angle. Another lens, the very fast f0.95, made it possible to shoot with natural light in room interiors, late into the afternoon. It allows you to shoot in 200 per cent less light than the normal f.2 movie lenses.

Houston: *Still on the shooting, is it true that there is practically no post-synchronized dialogue in the film?*

Kubrick: There was no post-synchronizing of dialogue at all. Unusable sync-dialogue used to be one of the problems of shooting on location, but it is no longer a problem with the equipment now available. There is a tremendous range of special microphones to choose from, including one the size of a paper clip which can be hidden in the shot or on the actor, and which results in a very favorable voice-to-noise ratio. With FM transmitters, also hidden on the actor, it's no longer necessary to use cumbersome microphone booms. Each actor can have his own concealed microphone transmitting its signal via a pocket-sized FM transmitter to a receiver, which feeds it into a portable sound mixer. We filmed the scene where Alex is recognized by the tramp under the Albert Bridge. The traffic noise was so loud that you had to shout in order to be heard. But we recorded a dialogue track where the voices were so above the traffic that it was necessary to add quite a lot of traffic noise on the final sound mix.

The special mikes also made it possible to shoot sound takes under certain conditions without even blimping the camera. I did quite a few hand-held shots with the Arriflex merely wrapped in an Anorak, sometimes as close as six feet away from the actors, but you don't hear the camera noise and the dialogue is fine. On interiors, I had a lightweight blimp for the Arriflex which weighed only thirty-seven pounds with the camera in it. One has to compare this to a Mitchell camera, which weighs about one hundred twenty-five pounds. As far as lighting is concerned, the secret of location lighting is to make sure that the practical lamps that you see in the scene are actually lighting the scene. The convention of film lighting in the past was such that the practical lamps were just props, and although the bulb was on it did nothing actually to light the shot. In this case, I went to a great deal of trouble in selecting useful and interesting-looking lamps into which we could put photofloods or small quartz lights.

The lights that you see in the scene are almost always the only source of lighting that's being used. This also makes it possible to shoot 360-degree pans without worrying about photographing any of the normal studio lights. I might add, it's also very fast to work this way.

Houston: *How much do you preplan scenes? You don't do the Hitchcockian kind of detailed advance planning?*

Kubrick: I do a tremendous amount of planning and try to anticipate everything that is humanly possible to imagine prior to shooting the scene, but when the moment actually comes, it is always different. Either you discover new ideas in the scene, or one of the actors by some aspect of his personality has changed something—or any one of a thousand things that fail to coincide with one's preconceived notions of the scene. This is, of course, the most crucial time of a film. The actual shooting of a scene, once you know what you are going to do, is relatively simple. But it is here that the picture always hangs in the balance. The problem, expressed perhaps a bit too simply, is to make sure that something happens worth putting on film. It is always tempting to think of *how* you're going to film something before you know what it is you're going to film, but it's almost always a waste of time.

Houston: *Alex is the only great character—almost the only developed character—in* A Clockwork Orange. *In* 2001 *the most human character is of course HAL, the computer, and in* Dr. Strangelove *you are dealing with degrees of caricature. I suppose one could go back in your work to* Paths of Glory, *or even* The Killing, *to find a film where you were working in what might be called a realistic convention.*

Kubrick: I have always enjoyed dealing with a slightly surrealistic situation and presenting it in a realistic manner. I've always liked fairy tales and myths, magical stories, supernatural stories, ghost stories, surrealistic and allegorical stories. I think they are somehow closer to the sense of reality one feels today than the equally stylized "realistic" story in which a great deal of selectivity and omission has to occur in order to preserve its "realistic" style. In *Lolita*, for example, the character of Quilty is straight out of a nightmare, as are many of the characters in *Dr. Strangelove*. In this sense *A Clockwork Orange* bears strong resemblance to several of my previous films.

Houston: *What about your Napoleon film? Is that still going to be made, and on what sort of a scale are you planning to deal with his life?*

Kubrick: I plan to do *Napoleon* next. It will be a big film but certainly not on the scale that big films had grown to just before the lights went out in Hollywood. Most of the palatial interiors can be shot in real locations in France where the furniture and set dressing are already there, and one has only to move in with a small documentary-size crew, actors, wardrobe, and some hand props. The large crowd and battle scenes would be done in Yugoslavia, Hungary, or Rumania, where undertakings of this sort can be accomplished by using regular army formations.

Houston: *What motivates your choice of subjects?*

Kubrick: Well, of course, this is obviously the most important decision ever made with respect to a film. Actually, the only sensible thing I can say is that I'm very, very careful about this. And so far, at least, I've never found myself wondering halfway through why I had decided to do the film. A great narrative is a kind of miracle. It's not something that can be forced. At the same time, I trust that I shall never be tempted to become an alchemist and believe that I can turn lead into gold. I might try to make something of an imperfect story with my efforts as a writer, but I would never attempt a film story that I was not finally in love with.

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The Making of "Aïda"

by WILLIAM WEAVER

When the Cairo Opera House burned to the ground a few weeks ago, the world lost not just another theater but an important monument, a tangible survivor of one of opera's golden periods. Sadly, the theater's destruction came less than two months before a planned celebration, a performance of *Aïda* exactly 100 years after the work's world premiere at the same Cairo Opera, on Christmas Eve, 1871. With the theater, souvenirs of that famous occasion—including some of the original costumes and sets—also were destroyed.

In a way, however, it is appropriate that the Cairo house should have come to such a sudden end, since its beginnings were also abrupt. The theater was built by the will of one man: the eccentric, modern-minded Ismail Pasha, who decided in 1869 that his capital needed opera. He decreed that a building be erected for the purpose, and a pair of Italian architects ran up the Opera House in only six months. It opened on November 6 that same year with a performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

Verdi obviously was a favorite composer of Ismail's, who then decided to commission an important new work to grace his theater. The inaugural *Rigoletto* had been conducted by Emanuele Muzio, Verdi's onetime pupil and close friend. Muzio was meeting Verdi in Paris, and to Paris Ismail also dispatched the manager of his theater, Drahnet Bey, to start negotiations. If Verdi said no, Gounod was to be approached, or even Wagner, who would surely produce, as Drahnet wrote, "*quelque chose de 'grandioso.'*" Verdi hesitated a long time before accepting, but in the end he agreed.

At the time *Aïda* was commissioned, Ismail—the opera's godfather—was forty. He had been Viceroy since 1863, and in 1867 had been given the title of Khedive as a reward for winning virtual independence from the Turks, Egypt's nominal rulers. The vigorous prince set out to Europeanize his country with railroads, lighthouses, telegraph lines. The Opera House was a part of this process, and so was his other memorable achievement, the Suez Canal. The ruler's "no expense spared" policy eventually got him into trouble, and he had to sell his Suez Canal shares. Finally, he was deposed for his extravagance; but at the time of *Aïda* he was at the height of his power, and his headlong progress was in full swing.

A visitor to the premiere of *Aïda* described Ismail: "He is a small man, chubby like all Turks, and he drags his feet slightly when he walks. His face is alert, gentle, with tiny eyes which do not stare, but speak volumes. I remarked a refined elegance in his dress and an indescribable neatness in all his person, especially his hands, which are beautiful, white, and very small. . . . He speaks French fluently and very fast. . . . He spoke with animation about Italian music, the Cairo theater, and the artists, saying very sensible things. He referred to Verdi with pride, as an inferior speaking of a superior, with unlimited deference and gratitude. . . ."

Ismail's love of the arts included, naturally, Egyptian art, and it was Ismail who invited the great French archeologist Auguste Mariette to settle in Cairo and become Conservator of Antiquities. With Ismail's encouragement, Mariette became founder and director of what is now the superb Cairo Museum. Born in Boulogne in 1821, Mariette is considered the father of modern Egyptology. He is another of *Aïda*'s godfathers.

Ismail Pasha—godfather to "Aïda."

In private life, Mariette was a sought-after raconteur, an improviser of stories. One of these he wrote down—a few pages—and showed to the Khedive. After various developments, the story became the libretto of Verdi's opera. From the very beginning, Verdi was attracted by Mariette's invention (and he was told that Ismail himself had collaborated on it). Camille Du Locle, a French friend of Verdi's and another of Ismail's Paris go-betweens, worked with Verdi in blocking out a dramatic sequence; then Verdi himself wrote out a full-length prose version of the libretto, which was turned into verse, under the composer's close supervision, by the official librettist, Antonio Ghislanzoni.

The composition of the music went fairly smoothly, but world events soon began to make trouble for Ismail, Drahnet, and Verdi too. The Khedive had decreed a theater, but Cairo still had no facilities for building sets or making costumes. These—plus all the props, including Amneris's jewelry—had to come from Paris, where Mariette, now the opera's designer, was to supervise their creation. But it was 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian War which finally sealed off Paris—and the *Aïda* material—from the rest of the world. Du Locle managed to send Verdi some letters, by balloon; but Verdi, to his exasperation, was unable to reply. At one point, he thought of using a clause in his contract to cancel the Cairo premiere and give his opera to La Scala, which was eager to have it.

The Khedive was aghast. He had Drahnet write the composer a heartfelt letter: "In selecting you, dear Maestro, to write the score of a new work on a story set in his land, His Highness wished to create a national opera which would later be one of the most precious reminders of his reign. Must he be the victim of a question of dates, caused by events to which he is totally alien?"

Verdi relented. The siege of Paris

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came to an end, and the Cairo production could take place, almost a year late. Verdi chose the cast himself (he made a special trip from his villa near Parma to Florence, where he could hear Antonietta Pozzoni, the future Aïda), and it was a good one. The conductor, suggested by Drahnet after several other candidates had refused or been rejected by Verdi, was Giuseppe Bottesini, best known as a double-bass virtuoso. Verdi suspected him of *Wagnerismo,* but, as it turned out, Bottesini did an excellent job and he and Verdi became friends.

Ismail wanted his opera to receive proper acclaim. With characteristic munificence, he invited a number of European music critics—all expenses paid—to the premiere. Only two accepted: the Italian Filippo Filippi (whose description of his host was quoted above) of Milan's *La Perseveranza* and Ernest Reyer of Paris, Berlioz's successor on the *Journal des Débats*. Both sent back long accounts of the theater and the performance; their articles, read today, re-create the atmosphere of that exciting first night a hundred years ago.

"The Cairo Theater," Reyer wrote, "is arranged, on the inside, like most Italian theaters; there is no gallery or balcony, and the boxes dominate the orchestra. The decoration, dull gold on a white ground, is in perfect taste; the interior of the boxes is deep red, and the front is decorated with velvet hangings of the same color. A vestibule with colonnades precedes the entrance to the orchestra and allows access to two lateral staircases that lead to the upper floors. The foyer is on the second floor, spacious and magnificently decorated. One strolls there during the intermissions. The spectators, in their tarbooshes, come into the vestibule and smoke their cigarettes, reading with great gravity a sign that forbids them to smoke."

Though the seating capacity was only 850, the theater, according to Reyer, was very spacious and comfortable. Back-stage space was less ample, and the first *Aïda*, with its splendid sets, created some problems. Scene shifting took a long time.

Filippi also praised the theater's decoration and added some comments on the audience: "When I say the 'Egyptian' audience, I refer particularly to the European colony, for the Arabs, even the rich ones, do not like our theater; they prefer the whining of their own chants, the monotonous tapping of their drums. . . . It's a miracle to see a turban in a Cairo theater. . . . Sunday

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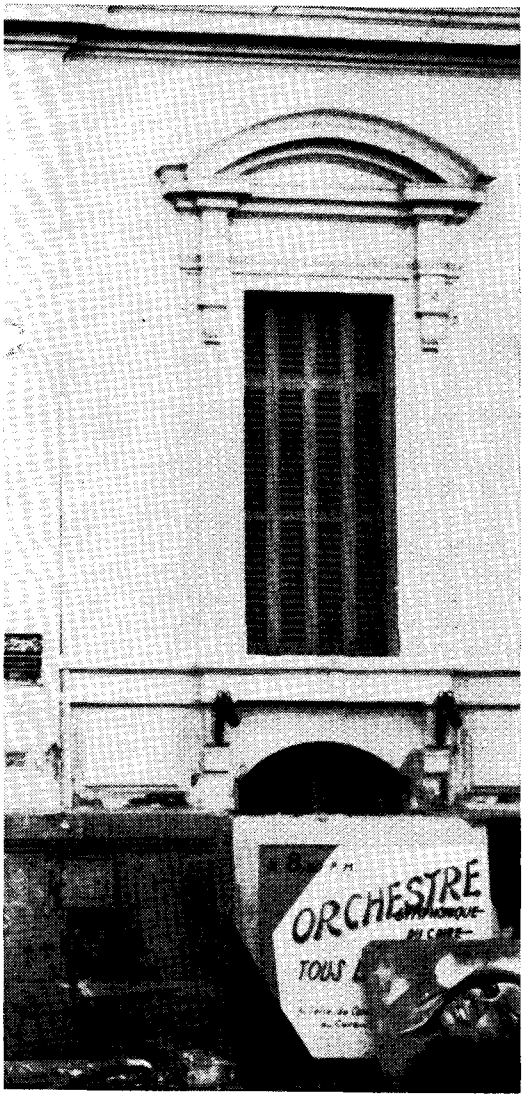

Above: "The 1971 season . . . was to have opened *the very night of the fire. . . .*" Left: The theater in its prime.

Photos by John G. Ross

evening the Opera House was full long before curtain time: the ladies, in great number, occupied the boxes, and no latecomers disturbed us with untimely chatter or rustling of dresses. In general I noticed much beauty and elegance, especially among the Greek women and the ladies of high rank, who are numerous in Cairo . . . there are also many Coptic, Israelitic faces, with strange headgear. . . . As for the women of the Court harem, no one can see them; they have the first three boxes on the right, in the second row, hidden from indiscreet eyes by a thick muslin curtain . . . the highly respectable and virtuous *signori eunuchi* guard them carefully. . . ."

But what of Verdi's music? *Aïda*, on that gala night, was, expectably, a success. Even Reyer, a convinced Wagnerian, who often had been harsh toward Verdi's operas in the past, was won over. "When I accepted the invitation," he wrote, "it was agreed that I would be subjected to no influence and would express my opinion with the utmost frankness. . . . If M. Verdi's opera was mediocre, I would say so without mincing matters. It has succeeded. It deserved to succeed. I am happy to spread the good news. . . . Here is a very interesting, very remarkable work. . . ."

Still, Reyer had some reservations: "To be sure, the old Verdi still remains; you find him in *Aïda* with his exaggerations, his brusque shifts, his careless style, and his overexuberance. . . . As far as melodic invention goes, one cannot say that it is highly original . . . but, with all its reminiscences and flaws, it is, I repeat, a remarkable work. . . ."

Filippi's review, which runs to some ten printed pages, is wholly favorable; he was especially impressed by the finale of the second act: "This colossal piece begins with a grand march enriched by choruses and dances, and develops in an *adagio* and *stretta*; all the parts are fused in handsome proportion and with extraordinary effect. . . . Verdi never wrote anything more grandiose or more beautiful. This was the climax of the evening. . . ."

But Filippi also found "reminiscences" of earlier Verdi. "If we want to split hairs, we could find reminders of other operas of Verdi, of *Un ballo in maschera*, for example, in the anthem of the first act; of *Il Trovatore* in the scene where Amneris hears the trial of Radames; of *Un ballo in maschera* again in the duet between Aïda and Amonasro; but these reminiscences pass in a flash, and only the new creation and, particularly, the new expression remain, so obedient to the subject, to local color, that truly the Ramseses and the Pharaohs of the great dynasties seem resuscitated."

In Reyer's view, the "anthem" of the first act ("Nume custode e vindice") is worth singling out, though his praise sounds odd today: "The war anthem sung by the King and the High Priest, then taken up by the chorus, is in good style, simple, broad, somewhat in the manner of Handel. . . ." Similarly, the duet between Aïda and her father suggests to the French critic Mignon's "Connais-tu le pays?" But most of all, Reyer finds in the score of *Aïda* suggestions of Wagner, Berlioz, even Meyerbeer and Gounod—all thoroughly assimilated. "If Maestro Verdi persists in his new manner," he adds patronizingly, "a few enthusiasts around him may grow cold, but he will make many conversions and adepts, even in circles where, until now, he was not admitted. . . ."

Both Reyer and Filippi spend as much space on the production as they do on the music. Even in the cramped space of the Cairo Opera, *Aïda* promptly established its claim to sumptuousness and spectacle, setting the trend that would lead to today's debatable extravaganzas in Rome's Baths of Caracalla with teams of pounding horses and a real, if extraneous, camel. "I will say little about the dresses, the weapons, and the jewels," Filippi wrote, "because you have to see them to believe them. I saw the costumes up close, I touched them, and even the most fastidious lady would be happy to use, for her dresses, the wool and silk stuffs that the lowest members of the chorus wear. . . . This luxury is downright insane at times, because no one from the orchestra seats could discern the crepe de Chine which costs sixty francs the meter, and simple cotton would have had the same effect."

A few weeks later, after the Italian premiere of the opera at La Scala, Verdi expressed his opinion of reviews and reviewers: "Stupid criticisms, and even more stupid praise. Not one elevated, artistic idea. Not one who understood my intentions . . . nothing but absurdities and nonsense, and at the bottom of it all a certain irritation, as if I had committed a crime writing *Aïda* and having it performed well. . . ."

At the Cairo Opera, the performances of *Aïda* were followed by other operas: *Il Trovatore, La Juive, La fille du régiment, Faust*. For the following six seasons—almost to the end of Ismail's reign—the repertory remained strictly foreign and traditional. In 1878, a local company presented some classical French plays in Arabic translation, and after that legitimate plays alternated with opera. Visitors to Ismail's theater in afteryears included Coquelin, Bernhardt, Duse, and—just before the last war—the Old Vic Company. The 1971 season, still strongly international, was to have opened, the very night of the fire, with a visit of the Greek Ballet.

In the 102 years of its existence, the theater's greatest moment was that first *Aïda*. It may also be Ismail's greatest achievement. His opera house has burned down; his Suez Canal is closed; but the opera he made Verdi write goes on.

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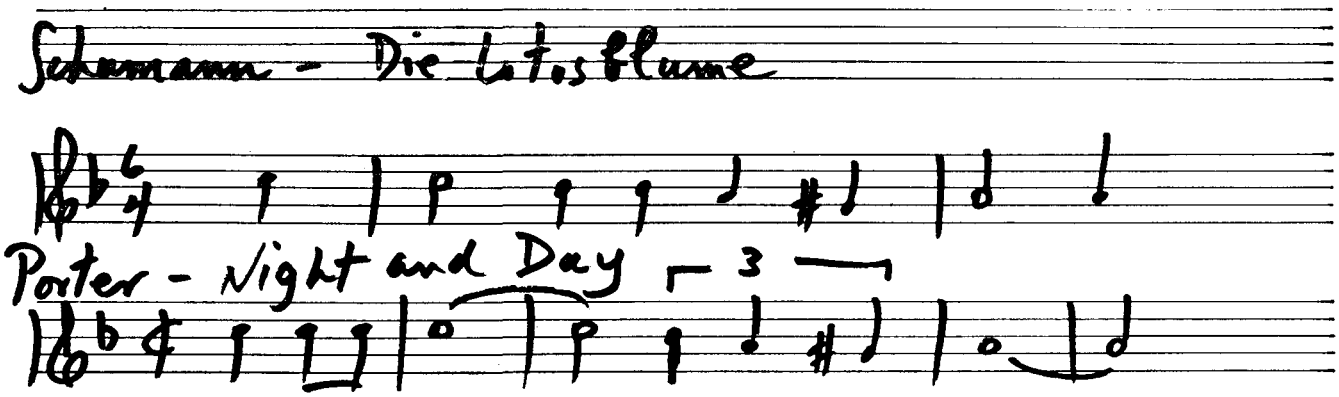

THE CLASSIC COLE PORTER

by LEO SMIT

My childhood years were spent in the perfect world of the past where men created classics and became immortal. I celebrated the tortoise's victory over Achilles and watched in awe as Zeus changed his shape to please a woman. I searched for a new life with Pierre Bezukov and grew old and comfy with David Copperfield. My wise and patient teachers, Bach and Haydn, filled my heart and mind with divine harmony and taught me a surety that has sustained me throughout life. Of popular, folk, and jazz music I knew nothing.

Two traumatic events caused me to doubt whether my sheltered preadolescent life was shared by others my age. The first occurred when, at the age of nine, a gang of corrupt cousins took me to see a movie called *Moonlight and Pretzels*, a Hollywood musical, with Mary Bryan and googols of high-kicking chorus girls. The music did not sound anything like Schubert and Tchaikovsky and left no lasting impression, but for years afterward I dreamed of wandering through endless backstage corridors, observing show girls in various stages of undress making up their faces.

My ivory tower was breached for the second time one day in fifth-grade civics, after we had finished our work and were waiting in our desk-chairs for the gong to send us home. The teacher, in a relaxed and chummy mood, suggested a sing-in to fill the remaining minutes. Thematic fragments from *The Marriage of Figaro* and the Ninth Symphony floated through my mind while voices around me pleaded for "Night and Day," a title that was unfamiliar to me. What followed was truly mystifying as the entire class launched into the strange melody while I sat alone in bewildered silence.

Many years later I came across a song by Robert Schumann called "The Lotus Flower," which immediately recalled the haunting tune from the civics class. I had not previously associated American popular music with the romantic lieder tradition of the nineteenth century, but suspecting that my discovery could not have been mere coincidence, I plunged into the deep, wide, and subtle world of Cole Porter with genuine curiosity and interest. My hunch about Porter's love for and knowledge of Schumann's music not only was confirmed but led to a surprising realization of Porter's wider interests, ranging from the classical past to his contemporaries of the 1920s. His studies included a period at the Harvard School of Music (after writing two famous football songs at Yale) and the Ecole Normale in Paris.

From Tchaikovsky, a great and neglected songwriter, Porter adopted an expressive declamatory style, halfway between operatic recitative and aria, so appropriate for the verses that prepare the listener for the refrains. The verse of "You'd Be So Easy to Love" is a perfect example of the Porter-Tchaikovsky arioso style, and the transfigured ending of "So in Love" carries Slav *hommage* to exalted heights stirred by the ecstasy of "None but the Lonely Heart." Porter found intriguing connections between his verses and refrains, improving upon the typical eighteenth-century operatic procedures in which the recitative (verse) is nonmelodic. This allows for maximum verbal comprehension while setting the stage for the aria (refrain), which stops the action while idealizing the emotion.

Porter looked for and found melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic details of common origin in the verses and refrains, thus creating songs that were highly unified in style and form. A study of these relationships reveals Porter as a composer who was consciously aware of the serious problems of musical craft and who, through an inspired gift, was able to conceal the many beautiful solutions from unsuspecting ears while easily charming them.

Porter's debt to the Wagner-Liszt axis is generously paid through the chromatic undulations of his "All Through the Night." This sensuous song could have served as Porter's passport to Valkyrieland and gotten him a free seat at Brünnhilde's immolation. The verse, though related to the refrain by key and chromatic intervals, appears to counter the Wagnerian pitch and roll with a crisp echo of Stravinsky's ballet "The Card Party."

Porter absorbed two technical ideas of great potential and utility from J. S. Bach and other Baroque composers. The first was the descending, chromatic, *lamentoso* bass, over which Christ suffered and Dido wept. Porter carries off his own spectacular ten-note descent in one of his best songs, "Just One of Those Things."

The second device was the false, or delayed, cadence, which enabled Porter to avoid a "correct" resolution until the final measure of many a song. Porter was justifiably proud of his ability to sustain a melody in the relative minor for thirty-one measures, aided by the false cadence, allowing the major to blossom forth only in the thirty-second and final bar. This was the master plan, so skillfully capsulized in the four-measure introduction of "Just One of Those Things." "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" was designed along similar lines—the verse is in C, turning away at the last second

Composer-conductor-pianist Leo Smit is professor of music at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

"NIGHT AND DAY"
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"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT"
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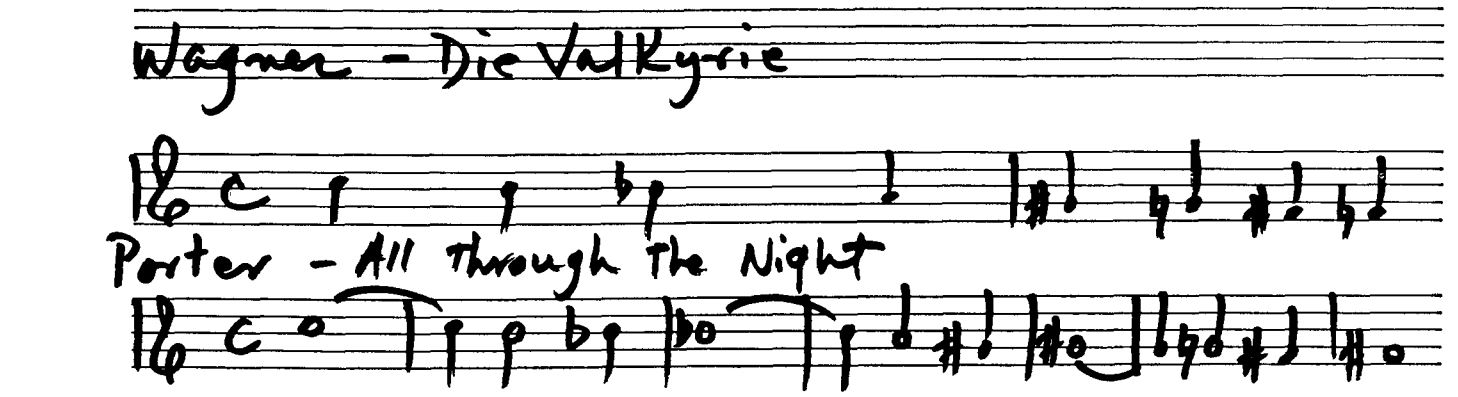

In a Columbia studio, Cole Porter listens appreciatively to a playback of Alfred Drake and Patricia Morrison recording his masterpiece, "Kiss Me Kate" (1947).

from the tonic to dissolve into the melancholy relative minor, declining a tempting offer to re-establish the C root, sinking back into A minor again (with a harrowing F in the bass under the word "chill"), but then, seeing that C major is inevitable and desirable, preparing the way with an elegant modal bridge in triplets, and arriving home with a thrilling surge of energy.

The integration of diatonic, chromatic, and modal elements has characterized Western music during the past several hundred years. In the second measure of "You'd Be So Easy to Love" (verse in B-flat, refrain in G—another innovation), an unexpected modal F natural appears out of the blue to be chromatically cross-related to an equally surprising F-sharp in the fourth measure. These choice notes, heard in their harmonic contexts, create a strangely disturbing aural sensation that lures the listener back repeatedly.

The short introduction to "I've Got You Under My Skin" leads directly to the refrain and hides the most secret connection between them. Analytical poking finally uncovered the secret line threaded inside the accompanying harmonic fabric. As the song builds to a climax, pulsating triplets hammering away, Porter suddenly clamps down with a *subito piano* at the words, "comes in the night/And repeats . . ." compounding the excitement of the final rush of emotion, underlined *forte molto espressivo*. This is not the outpouring of a suave and urbane man-about-town, as he was so often described, even by his professed admirers, but of a passionate man, who communicates his passions by governing them artistically.

Porter not only helped break the tyrannical bond of the thirty-two-bar form—some of his songs last more than 100 bars—but also expanded the vocal range of his performers with melodic lines well over the traditional limits of an octave. In "I Get a Kick Out of You," Porter rockets the melody up an octave and a fourth, a respectable span even for an operatic aria. The charm of this song, however, lies in the flow of half-note triplets against the steady beat of the cut-time, or 2/2 bass. When the lyrics report getting no kick out of champagne, cocaine, and airplanes, the threes against twos produce a tantalizing swaying, but when the title words come on, the melody snaps on beat with an upright two against two.

Porter loved the lighter side of Viennese music—"Wunderbar" is the perfect embodiment of the spirit of Johann Strauss—but in an unusually interesting song, "I Love You," the darker Schoenbergian side of the Viennese psyche is revealed. The most striking feature of this work is the eleven-note series encompassed in the first eight measures. The only missing note is the E-flat, which Porter, with admirable calculation, saves for two crucial moments. The first comes at a midpoint homebound junction, producing a sweet pang of regret and anticipation, while the second E-flat is lovingly released in the final poignant cadence. The downward swoops of the sensational major sevenths plumb the spooky depths of love's irrationality. A rare and true coda, the crowning touch, lingers, prolongs, and finally consummates the erotic dream.

Another remarkable song with atavistic classical affiliations, "What Is This Thing Called Love?," was created through the miraculous travail of three aquatic mammals: the sperm whale Beethoven, the pilot whale Schubert, and the sulfur-bottom whale Brahms. This song, cast in C, begins with an about-face on the dominant seventh of the subdominant, as perverse a gesture as Beethoven's startling opening chord of his First Symphony, also in C. The painfully simple melody then drags itself onward with Schubertian major/minor waverings and yearning, clutching Brahmsian sixths. The little bumpy rhythms that answer the rhetorical question of the title ("What Is This Thing Called Love?") are straight out of Beethoven's Piano Sonata, Op. 31,

(Continued on page 57)

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The Life and Times of "Cole"

The "haut monde" of the other Cole Porter—left to right: Billy Reardon, Jay O'Brien, Celia Von Rath, and Cole (1920s).

Even before Cole Porter had created his masterpiece, *Kiss Me Kate*, Hollywood celebrated (1946) some of his life and a smattering of his times in *Night and Day*, with Cary Grant depicting the aristocrat from Peru, Indiana, and Alexis Smith as a properly sophisticated companion-in-arms. But the facts of Porter's life and the fullness of his times have only now become available in a sumptuous collection of pictures, texts, and reminiscences sponsored by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. *Cole* lists at $25, but for 273 octavo pages, this is less than 10 cents a page for a (plus) collection of Americana that ranges from his birthplace in Pe-ru, through his education at pre-World War I Yale, to the shores of the Côte d'Azur, which became his favorite watering place.

Fred Astaire and a group of All-American beauties in a still from Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941).

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Interwoven into *Cole*'s rich texture are Brendan Gills's memorable essay on Porter first published in *The New Yorker*, a rare compilation of family photos from jaunty babyhood to the later days of physical stress, documentation of all the shows with which he was associated, and—most rewarding of all—complete texts of his most memorable songs, including seven verses of superlatives for *You're the Top*. That *Cole* has documentary as well as diversionary value is a tribute to its editor, Robert Kimball, who called upon his onetime status as curator of Porter materials at Yale University to enrich the text with sketches, hand-written lead sheets, etc. From the football songs Porter composed as an undergraduate (still sung at Yale) to his show tunes and "Hit Parade" successes ("Don't Fence Me In" and "Wunderbar," among others) to his party-giving and nightclubbing, he celebrated a life that was wholly gregarious, completely outgoing, thus the more susceptible to being preserved in the hundreds of photos in the book. Cole himself is the central image, but open to any page and the flashes are back to such as Irene Bordoni, Mary Garden, Tallulah in the flesh, Jimmy Durante as a nearly romantic figure, Bernard Berenson in Venice, and a vast array of others in the two worlds of popular song and *haut monde* Porter inhabited with equal aplomb. In addition, *Cole*, designed by Bea Feitler, is one of the most beautiful books ever.

The ideal accompaniment for browsing in "Cole" is the Bobby Short album that begins with "Rap Tap on Wood" and ends with "Why Don't We Try Staying Home." There are similar oddities and excitations along the way, but also beautifully polished, inimitably Short versions of such favorites as "You've Got That Thing," "At Long Last Love," "Why Shouldn't I," "Do I Love You?" "I Hate You, Darling," and "Just One of Those Things." If "Why Don't We Try Staying Home" leaves a mental blank concerning the name of a show with which to associate it, don't blame a failing memory. Along with "Once Upon a Time" and "By Candlelight," it is drawn from a bank of unpublished tunes here heard for the first time. Mention must be made of Beverly Peer's (bass) and Richard Sheridan's (drums) part in the totality. I.K.

Photographs from the book

"Tallulah in the flesh" (1920s).

Linda Porter photographed by Steichen.

"A nearly romantic" Jimmy Durante, with partners Clayton and Jackson surrounding Hope Williams, in "The New Yorkers" (1930).

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The Guthrie Theater Reborn

by HENRY HEWES

The Guthrie Theater's new artistic director is wise Michael Langham.

The happiest season in the nine-year history of the Guthrie Theater is the current one, and it is ironic that Sir Tyrone Guthrie, the forceful figure who created this enterprise, died last May just before the season began. Unhappily, in the year preceding his death Guthrie had seen this theater on the verge of collapse—$194,000 in debt, and with the company that had been carefully built up over the years dissipating. Fortunately, however, Guthrie managed to persuade Michael Langham, who in his twelve years as artistic director of the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean Festival was the prime reason for that company's outstanding success, to take over the reins in Minneapolis.

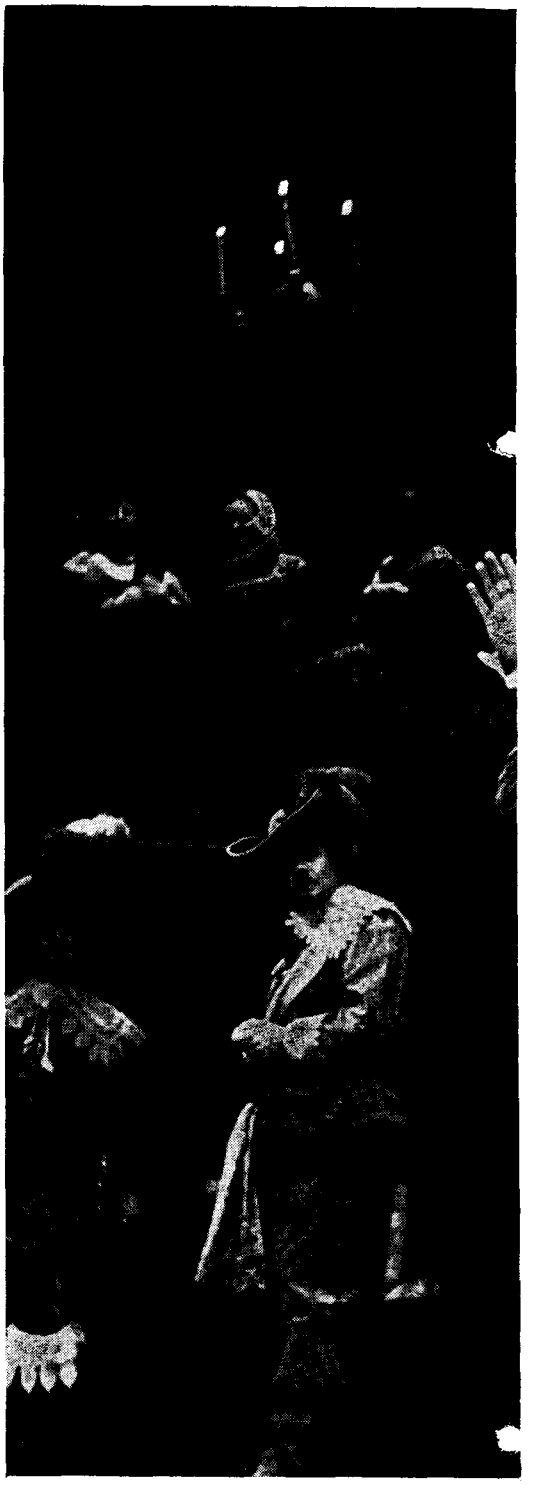
Knowing he needed a quick triumph in order to raise donations of $718,000 from the Minneapolis community, Langham decided to open his season with two popular plays that he had successfully done at Stratford, *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Then, after running these in alternation for three months, he would shift to a second season of two riskier productions, *A Touch of the Poet* and *Misalliance*, and a month later would feed into the rotation a third play, *The Diary of a Scoundrel*. Then, if all went well, there would be a December-January festival of all five offerings.

All did go well, and this critic attended three of the five plays. I missed director David Wheeler's revival of the O'Neill work, which some critics considered the best of all. However, the quality of those I saw was impressive.

Cyrano is newly adapted by Anthony Burgess, who has succeeded to a surprising degree in making the romantic old play realistic and meaningful to modern audiences. In collaboration with the company here, he has probably come closer to the actuality of seventeenth-century France than did Rostand in his romanticized 1892 classic. To do this, Burgess has used less regular rhyme and has dared to be anachronistic, as he is, for instance, when the disguised Cyrano claims to be the first "cosmonautis." Furthermore, he has eliminated completely Roxana's incredible picnic with the besieged regiment on the battlefield. But most important of all is his remolding of Cyrano into a very self-aware man who attacks all the fashionable vapidities of society with humor and a don't-give-a-damn courage born of despair. This Cyrano has found his life-style, which is symbolized by his panache (the white feather on his cap). In his dying speech he calls it "a diamond in the ash of the ultimate combustion."

James Blendick, who has taken over the leading role from Paul Hecht, performs with a most effective concentration on the inner elegance of an outwardly unhandsome man and on his comic disdain for pretentious conventions. Indeed, it's as if W. C. Fields had been an expert at swordplay instead of at juggling. This is not to say that the interpretation is not serious and romantic in a new way that today's audiences can believe. The entire production constantly entertains at the same time that it demonstrates how beautifully one forlorn human being can transcend the unsatisfactory world around him by sticking to his own values and risking all.

Equally popular is *The Taming of the Shrew*. Fast-moving and irreverent, it skillfully employs slapstick and inventive staging to keep the audience in a merry mood. But this is nicely balanced by Michele Shay's Women's Lib Kate, who is less shrewish than shrewd. Len Cariou's Petruchio serves this interpretation of the play by taking full advantage of his unfair male prerogatives, but he also makes clear his respect for Kate and his awareness that he must earn, not force, her love.



Of more limited appeal is Alexander Ostrovsky's 1868 comedy of manners, *The Diary of a Scoundrel*, in a version edited and subtly updated by Arthur Ballet. Although it takes a little while to interest us in the bizarre society Ostrovsky has painted, the play grows on us. Furthermore, it is the supreme demonstration of the company's adroitness and talent. All the actors create cameo gems, the most memorable of

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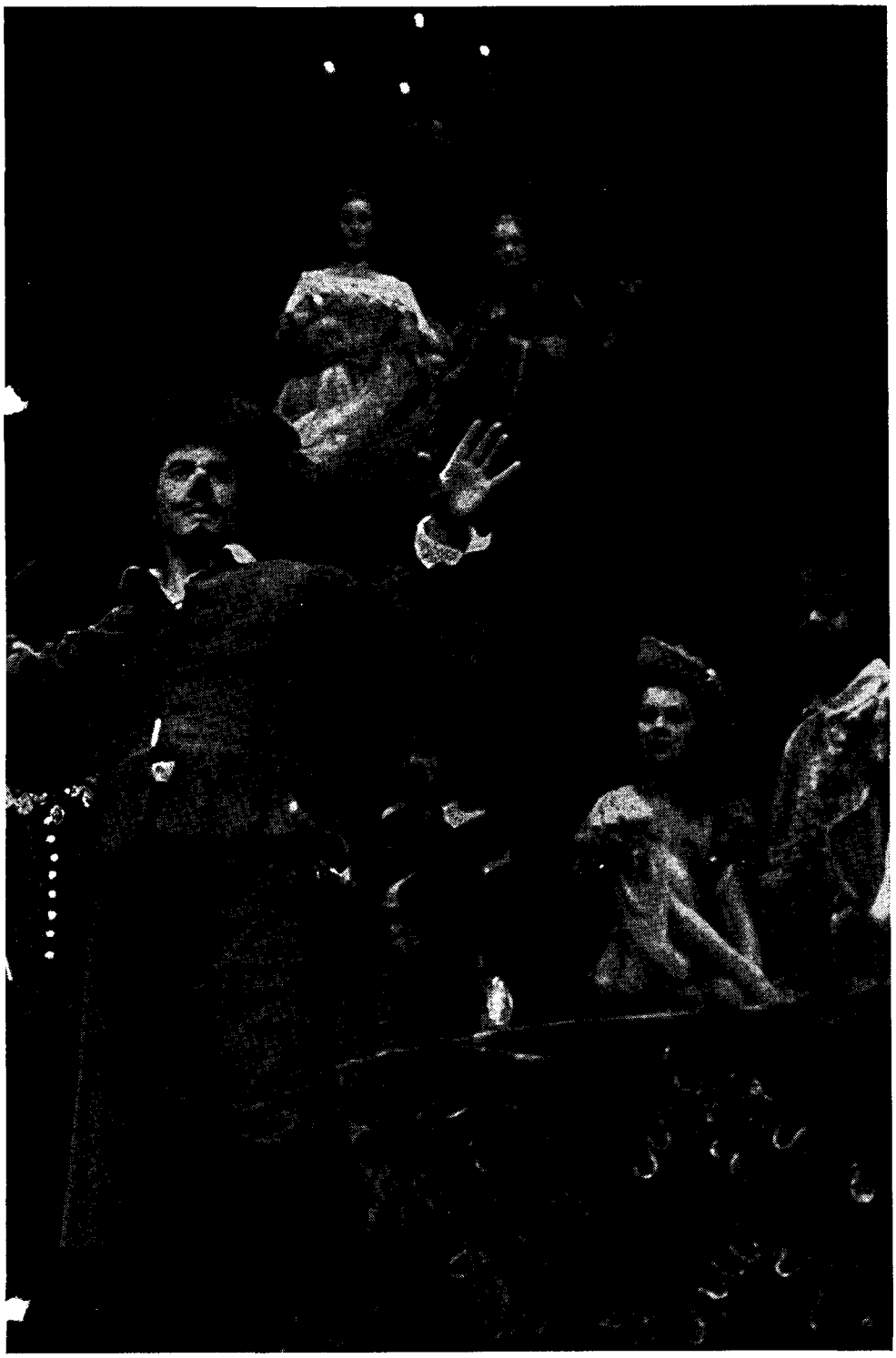

At the Guthrie: (left) Cyrano (James Blendick) shows his panache by halting a ham actor and paying the troupe with all his money; (top) "The Diary of a Scoundrel" is found by two people it ridicules, Mamaev (Sandor Szabo) and Madame Tourousina (Mary Savidge); (bottom) in "The Taming of the Shrew" Petruchio (Len Cariou) comes oddly accoutered to his wedding.

which are Sandor Szabo's rich uncle, Mamaev, who is nudged into outwitting himself; Barbara Bryne as Mamaev's vulnerably vain wife, who hilariously gasps like a caught fish when she is fed the hope of a love affair with a young man; Bernard Behren's mincing and delightfully oversophisticated fashion plate; Robert Pastene's exquisitely controlled portrait of a ridiculously reactionary general; and Peter Michael Goetz as an aged servant with multiple palsy, whose shaking, muttering exits are funniest of all. The production is held together by Cariou's uncompromisingly pragmatic Gloumov, who manipulates the weaknesses of his social superiors with a contagious relish.

All three plays have been superbly directed by Langham and extravagantly designed by Desmond Heeley and John Jensen. That they have proved so popular with Minneapolis audiences is evidence of Langham's common touch, and that they are filled with such intelligence, style, and genuine humor suggests the possibility of an uncommonly distinguished life ahead for the Guthrie.

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THE RIPE ART OF JENNIE TOUREL

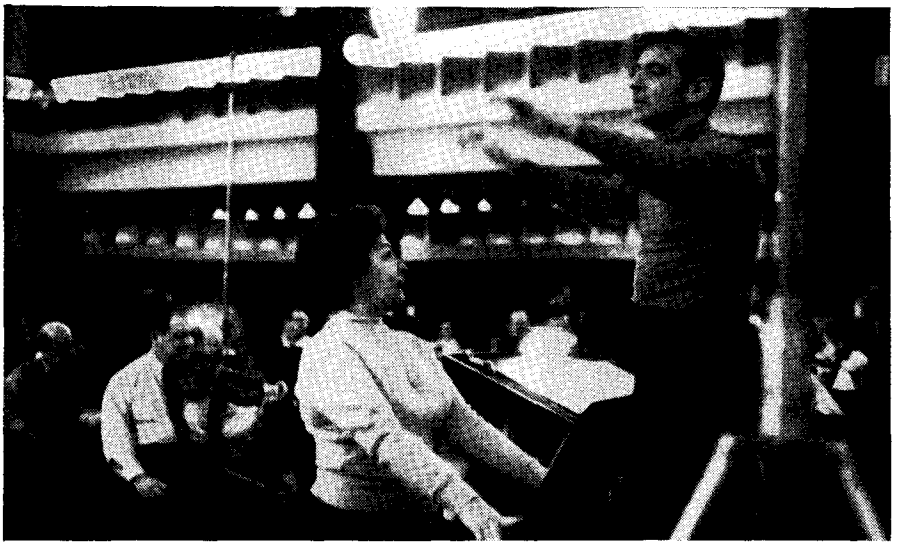
Stradella: "Per Pietà." **Monsigny:** "La Sagesse est un trésor." **Beethoven:** "An die Hoffnung"; "Ich liebe dich." **Debussy:** *Trois Chansons de Bilitis.* **Liszt:** "Mignon's Lied"; "Vergiftet sind meine Lieder"; "Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh' "; " 'Comment' disaient-ils." **Glinka:** "Doubt"; "Vain Temptation." **Tchaikovsky:** "None but the Lonely Heart." **Dargomijsky:** "Romance." **Massenet:** "Elegy." ENCORES: **Berlioz:** "Absence." **Offenbach:** "Laughing Song" (*La Périchole*). **Renaldo Hahn:** "Si mes vers." **Liszt:** "O, quand je dors." **Offenbach:** "Le Barbe-Bleu." Jennie Tourel, soprano; with James Levine, piano; and Gary Karr, bass. Genesis stereo, DC 7118/9, $11.96.

For those not able to study with Jennie Tourel—a privilege restricted both geographically and physically to a fraction of the total who might aspire to such an involvement—this recording derived from a New York recital in April 1970 is more than the next best thing. It is a priceless opportunity for any (male as well as female) with vocal aspirations to hear, rehear, and rehear again the inflections, the artistry, the style that distinguish her as one who practices what she teaches (at the Juilliard School).

The scope of the content is displayed in the listing herewith. It is not only a model of the artful interrelationship of the familiar and esoteric, but a projection of personal involvement that cuts across time, languages, and moods. Who sings Debussy's esoteric *Trois Chansons de Bilitis* and Tchaikovsky's "threadbare" "None but the Lonely Heart" on the same program? Who would offer four songs of the "flamboyant" Liszt and Massenet's "maudlin" "Elegy" to the same group of listeners? Only one convinced of the essential value of these expressions, polar though they may be on the popularity scale, and her own ability to establish that conviction in the public arena.

There are some insecurities here and there, especially at the beginning. But they are far fewer and of lesser consequence than may be remembered from such other great artists as Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Maggie Teyte, or the present-day Elisabeth Schwarzkopf when they had attained the ripe artistry now possessed by Tourel. Indeed, as the program proceeds and the vocal response becomes increasingly total, Tourel's treatments of the seldom-heard Liszt version of "Kennst du das Land" or (among her encores) Berlioz's "Absence" and Renaldo Hahn's "Si mes vers" not only equal but surpass what she did with them in past years.

A thoughtful exponent of the premise that age means nothing where the arts are concerned (she presented Leonard Bernstein as a composer-collaborator in the Forties *before* his Philharmonic success), the Tourel package provides places of prominence for two of the most talented members of the generation unborn when she was singing with Toscanini in the early Forties. At the piano is the phenomenally gifted James Levine (who has since made his debut as a conductor at the Metropolitan), and associated with Tourel in some of the best music making the disc contains is less-than-thirty Gary Karr, a new master of the double bass. He plays a beautiful-sounding old instrument that makes possible a cellolike throb on the obbligato string parts not only of Tchaikovsky's "None but the Lonely Heart" and the Massenet "Elegy" but also of the less familiar songs of Glinka and Dargomijsky. Oh yes—among her encores Tourel presents two lightly diverse items from the Offenbach repertory. They ring not only with laughter but with the love of life that is at the heart of her art.



Jennie Tourel—"a thoughtful exponent of the premise that age means nothing where the arts are concerned" recording a Mahler symphony with Leonard Bernstein.

Transcendental Liszt by Vladimir Ashkenazy

Liszt: "Paysage," "Feux follets," "Wilde Jagd," "Harmonies du soir," and other selections from the *Douze études d'exécution transcendante;* "Gortschakoff-Impromptu"; "Mephisto Waltz." Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London stereo, CS 6719, $5.98.

Players of Liszt's solo piano music may be categorically classified as a) those who are primarily magnetized by the keyboard challenge and are only inferentially involved with musical imagery or b) those to whom the musical content is the dominant consideration, the technical means something to be labored over, sweated out, and cajoled into being.

Rarest, of course, are those who are in the—in Duke Ellington's expressive description of Ella Fitzgerald—"Beyond category." A current instance is the Soviet-born, now English-based

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Vladimir Ashkenazy, who is, as he approaches the end of his first decade on the international circuit, capable of dealing on equal terms with a Rachmaninoff concerto, Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* Sonata, or, of course, the Chopin he plays so well. In that time he has pretty well covered the pianistic inventory from A to Z without pausing too often at L for Liszt. Indeed, a swift review of a recent Schwann listing for Liszt shows no current availability for a disc by Ashkenazy.

It is the special mark of Ashkenazy's effort that the music is inevitably in the foreground, the technical virtuosity the background means for painting the images that the composer imagined to be embodied in these "transcendental" études (meaning only for pianists with "transcendental" techniques). In "Fire Flies" ("Feux follets") or "Wild Hunt" ("Wilde Jagd") the imagery is as sharp as it is purposefully veiled in "Harmonies du soir." Fine piano sound.

Sills and Rudel on the Ringstrasse

Korngold: "Marietta's Lied" (*Die tote Stadt*). **Lehár:** "Vilia" (*Die lustige Witwe*); "Meine Lippen Sie küssen so heiss" (*Giuditta*); "Einer wird kommen" (*Der Zarewitsch*). **Heuberger:** "Im Chambre-Séparée" (*Der Opernball*). **Strauss:** "Frühlingstimmen." **Sieczynski:** "Wien Wien" (*Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume*). Beverly Sills, soprano; with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Julius Rudel. **Strauss:** *Thunder and Lightning Polka; A Night in Venice* (Overture). London Philharmonic Orchestra. Rudel conducting the ABC/Audio Treasury stereo, ABC/ATS 20009, $5.98.

Though Beverly Sills has yet to add this aspect of Viennese music to her conquests theatrically, she has engaged it, vocally and spiritually, and put some further shining moments to her credit. Outstanding among these are the languorous "Marietta's Lied," by which Erich Wolfgang Korngold's *Die tote Stadt* is best remembered (some would say, by which it is "solely" remembered), and the inescapable "Wien, Wien," with which the sequence comes to an end. That there are some less than shining moments in between is in the nature of a miscellany that covers so wide and special a waterfront as the Danube's.

In Korngold's evocative and, for all its Straussian flavor, masterful love song, Miss Sills's ease in the top register and her ability to sustain a *pianissimo* and carve a delicate vocal line are the ingredients of a highly successful realization of a difficult assignment. In "Wien, Wien," by the reflective, withdrawn, reminiscent mood she brings into being, Miss Sills redeems this much-sung café favorite from triteness, restoring a hint of its original, and deeply felt, sentiment.

But if these performances are expressive of the musicianship and intelligence for which she is often admired, what of the incongruous high B interpolated into "Vilia," or the tricky little gruppetto imposed upon Heuberger's charming "Im Chambre-Séparée"? Is it possible that Miss Sills considers that day lost in which she does sing at least one unscored embellishment? If so, it is all too bad, as setting the wrong kind of example for all those young people among her following who tend to deify whomever they attach themselves to. Good taste is never in bad taste, especially when the matter is of the Lehár-Heuberger refinement, expressive of a style and tradition with standards of its own.

In the other matter, Miss Sills ranges from agile to somewhat heavy of sound in Strauss's own vocal version of "Frühlingstimmen" to cunningly effective in "Meine Lippen Sie küssen so heiss." No, she does not participate in the *Thunder and Lightning Polka*, though some might half-expect she would. Rudel does, however, with a good deal of electricity that is more than static. The effort to produce a "big" recorded sound is more productive in the vocal matter than in the orchestral interpolations, for reasons related to Strauss's scoring and the engineer's overprojection of it.

Bernstein's "Mass" Revisited

Those who "admitted" to having liked, admired, and enjoyed Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* when it was first performed at the opening of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington last September need have no second thoughts on rehearing it in recorded form (Columbia stereo, M2 31008, $11.98; 8-track, MAX 31008, $11.98; cassette, MTX 31008, $11.98; open reel, MRX 31008, $15.98). Absent, of course, are the visual elements to carry certain musical episodes that may, of themselves, sound trite; but enormously present, on the other hand, are the textual values that were repeatedly distant and indistinct in the auditorium. On balance, one value supplements the other to the extent of establishing satisfaction in what is heard while leaving a desire to experience what is unseen.

The rehearing makes clear almost immediately that the key to Bernstein's solution of the difficult problem he had set for himself was his success in finding a tone, a level, a territory on which a very large, miscellaneous audience could meet and communicate. In the aggregate, the idea of using the emotional sequence of the liturgical Mass as a structure on which to hang a controversial commentary on contemporary religious attitudes was bound to offend as many as it stimulated. As I hear it, the stimulation is embodied in music of such taste and broadly based appeal that it may well mollify and, eventually, attract more than a few who were on principle opposed to the idea, regardless of how it was implemented.

Involved in the musical texture are values of many sorts, from Gregorian chant to Israeli dance, country-style singing against guitar background, and more sophisticated formulations to be expected from a musician of Bernstein's background. By the equipoise of impulse that is present when a truly creative act is in progress, they meet and complement each other without distortion or conflict. Indeed, some of the loveliest moments in *Mass* are the quietest, when the composer's taste and judgment are involved not so much with what to put in as with what to leave out. His preferences are almost invariably productive.

Setting aside any of the work's philosophical or political implications (not because they are unimportant but because they are outside the scope of the present consideration), *Mass* may well be the most exploratory utterance by an American composer since Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue.* As Gershwin challenged the common conception of a design with a particular implication, so Bernstein has, in his own way, challenged the same kind of preconception.

As in the live performance (of which the recording is a well-factured replica), a principal performance credit must be awarded to Alan Titus, in the key role of the Celebrant. He has not merely the sound but the governing impulse of mood and manner to motivate the ensemble effort around him. As his own interpreter, Bernstein obviously represents himself well. It is well known that arranger-composer Hershy Kay was called on to perform innumerable services, without which the end result might never have been consummated. I do not see his name in any prominent context: cover, label, or brochure. Therefore, it is appropriate to reproduce what Bernstein said in the program for *Mass*:

> Although it is not common practice to thank one's colleagues publicly at the premiere performances of a new work, I cannot resist doing so in the case of MASS, where they have all worked with a selflessness and dedication I have rarely witnessed. I have in mind . . . Messrs. Hershy Kay and Jonathan Tunick, who have both been wondrously generous with their talents and their time in assisting me with the execution of the orchestrations.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G. Jakob Gimpel, piano; with Arthur Rother conducting the Berlin Symphony Orchestra. Genesis stereo, GS 1001, $5.98.	In his eloquent tribute to the pianist, Henry Miller (yes, the author of *Tropic of Cancer*) refers to other recordings by Jakob Gimpel that are "distributed throughout Europe and in Japan." If they are of the quality of this performance, they should be sponsored here as well (no Gimpel record appears in the Schwann artist listings for either 1970 or 1966). The outstanding trait of Gimpel's playing of the G-major Concerto may be summarized as "poise," whether in the swiftest passages of the first and last movements or the most deliberate measures of the *andante con moto*. He is, in all instances, in full control of the physical as well as the spiritual elements, working through one to the essence of the other. It is a decade and a half since the late Sir Thomas Beecham was extolling Gimpel as a musician he admired, and the passage of time has only enhanced the reason for such an opinion from such a source. No date is offered as to the time of recording, but the sound is altogether acceptable if not dazzling. Side 2 also includes performances under Rother's direction of the *Ruins of Athens* and *Creatures of Prometheus* overtures. They are alive with the same sure knowledge and artistic insights that illuminate his collaboration with Gimpel.
Berg: *Lulu* (Suite)*; Three Orchestral Pieces (Op. 6); *Altenberg-Lieder.** Claudio Abbado conducting the London Symphony Orchestra; with Margaret Price, soprano.* DGG stereo, 2530-146, $6.98.	To judge from his recent across-the-board involvements, there is hardly an area of orchestral music from Beethoven to Berg that Abbado does not estimate to be his own. This is admirable in the inclusive sense, but runs counter to some exclusive values more accessible to others. His Berg, to my taste, is conditioned by a sonorous sense basically Italianate, which means that vibrance and richness invade a musical scene more ascetic and sharply defined in its tonal values than Abbado permits it to be. The best results are to be heard in the *Altenberg-Lieder*, in which the finely focused voice of Margaret Price creates a tonal center that determines the breadth and color of the instrumental patterns devised by Abbado. The reproduced sound is invariably responsive to the values in the performances, whether or not these serve the music faithfully.
Cornelius: *Weihnachtslieder* (1-6); *Vater unser* (Op. 2). **Wolf:** "Auf ein altes Bild"; "Schlafendes Jesuskind." Hermann Prey, baritone; with Leonard Hokanson. DGG stereo, 2530-108, $6.98.	To most music fanciers, Peter Cornelius is identified with two things: a comic opera called *The Barber of Bagdad* and his inclusion among a group of young enthusiasts (Hans Richter and Anton Seidl were others) who served Richard Wagner as copyists and in other roles appropriate to acolytes. But he was a superbly gifted musician whose compositional output was terminated when he died in 1874 almost fifty. Thus Hermann Prey's attention to these two beautiful song cycles of the young Cornelius is both appropriate and rewarding. Each has a degree of spiritual involvement that is admirably served by the mellowing, maturing, and darkening of Prey's originally light, "blond" sound. He also has added the command of words (in both instances by Cornelius himself) to shape the totality to an affecting outcome. The two Wolf songs, in a similarly spiritual vein, also are beautifully sung. Leonard Hokanson sounds, from this exposure, to be an addition to the small file of outstanding accompanists.
Mendelssohn: Quartets in E-flat (Op. 12) and A minor (Op. 13). La Salle Quartet. DGG stereo, 2530-053, $6.98; Ampex open reel, L 3126, $7.95.	Both of these works were written by the phenomenal Mendelssohn before his twenty-first year, and they show a remarkable knowledge of Beethoven's last quartets then (1827) just off the press (as Monika Lichtenfeld makes proper mention in her jacket notes). In the earlier of the two works (Opus 13, though preceded in print by the E-flat), Mendelssohn pays a debt of imitation to Beethoven's Opus 132, in the same key. However, as Mendelssohn already had demonstrated his individuality in the great octet (written in 1825), the stylistic exercise merely contributed to a strengthening of muscle when he reverted to his true personality. The performances are of the quality that the La Salle ensemble has taught us to expect of them, which is based in equal proportions on technical excellence and musical integrity.
Paganini: Concerto No. 3. Henryk Szeryng, violin; with Alexander Gibson conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo, 6500-175, $5.98.	Thanks to the careful documentation provided by David Hogarth in his liner notes, there can be little doubt that this is, indeed, one of the several Paganini concertos known to exist but long considered "lost" or that this is its first recording. Henryk Szeryng performs it impeccably, and the cadenzas he has written serve their purpose well. But is the world of music lovers (as distinguished from the world of violin lovers) ready for another Paganini concerto? It strikes me as a less spirited or enticing arrangement of violinistic tricks than either well-known Paganini concerto. The Adagio is superficially attractive, the finale a *polacca* that might fit nicely into a period ballet. Gibson does his work ably, and the recording is both brilliant and well balanced.
Strauss: *G'schichten aus dem Wienerwald**; *Auf der Jagd; Egyptischer Marsch; Unter Donner und Blitz; Morgenblätter; Persischer Marsch; Wiener Blut.* **Strauss, J. and J.:** *Pizzikato-Polka.* Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic; with Karl Swoboda (zither solo*). DGG stereo, 2530-027, $6.98; 8-track, 89 434, $6.98; cassette, 3300 183, $6.98 Ampex open reel, L 3126, $7.95.	Even the least indoctrinated of Strauss enthusiasts will sense something "different" about these performances, a finesse and instrumental excellence that recall Karajan's first DGG record of some months back (the *Fledermaus* Overture on a Columbia 78-rpm disc was one of the first things to attract attention to him in the late Forties). In addition to this, however, Karajan has looked at almost all of these scores with a fresh eye and perceived something in them that even some great interpreters of the past have overlooked. As an instance, his "Tales from the Vienna Woods." The common practice is for conductors to concentrate on "Vienna" and forget about the "Woods." But Karajan makes a miniature tone poem of it, with a very leisurely introduction and a demonstration that the horn passage is really a hunting horn passage, the woodwinds a suggestion of bird twitterings, etc. In short, if not the most stimulating of dance pieces, the performances throughout are full of imagination and insight. I.K.

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Cole Porter

Continued from page 49

No. 1, one of the oddest and most original shufflings of rhythmic mechanisms in all music.

In his gentle "All of You," Porter violates the theoretical injunction against the six-four chord, classically used primarily in cadential form, by savoring that "weak" harmony on the first beat of the first measure. Through Porter's alchemic touch, the ineffective is transmuted into the sublime.

An utterly charming and neglected song is "It's Bad for Me." From the daring chromatic introduction to the final joyful exhalation, Porter sustains a beguiling syncopation with masterly ease. This song could very well have been one of those inspirations that Porter wrote down in thirty minutes.

Another perfect song, "Use Your Imagination," had two fathers: the aria "Hail, chaste and pure dwelling" from Gounod's *Faust* and the second movement of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto. The loony, snakelike *codetta* puts just the right wiggle of fancy at the end of a beautifully assembled song.

The phenomenal popularity of "Begin the Beguine"—some 200 recordings of this exciting song have been made—may have been partly responsible for its very high place in Porter's own estimation. Most composers have aimed for the kind of popular success that would guarantee their reputations. Wagner's *Rienzi*, Ravel's *Boléro*, and Stravinsky's *Firebird* are good examples of expert marksmanship.

With "Love for Sale," the popular song reached new heights, losing its identity as merely popular and taking a place alongside the best songs ever written by any composer in any style. Ironically, it is not one of Porter's most famous songs. Its fate was due in part to its musical complexity and also to the radio and TV ban in effect since its composition in 1930 because of its allegedly risqué lyrics.

The opening chord—bold, heraldic, and ambiguous—suggests three tonal centers, G-flat, D-flat, and B-flat minor, none of which refers to the key of the song, B-flat major. From his omnidirectional lookout, Porter surveys the harmonic terrain, assesses tonal possibilities, and launches the verse with two probes of exceptional originality and enterprise. Moving down the steps of the whole-tone scale in a Copland-esque progression (later), Porter arrives at the unexpected key of A major through an enharmonic switchover. Getting back to the tonic B-flat requires no more than a flick of the pen, and composer and soprano are ready for business. The refrain swings in on the subdominant and seemingly blunders into B-flat minor, which is a long way from home. Interpreting the word "sale," the harmony thins to an empty chord of open fifths, dramatizing the hollowness of commercial love. A subtle modulation leads to the centerfold in D-flat, the relative major of B-flat minor, which casts a sinister shadow over the entire song. The forceful chromatic recapitulation ("Old love, new love") is conclusive evidence of a powerful and urgent musical will, which Porter unleashes only on rare and important occasions. "Follow me and climb the stairs," rises to the climactic outcry, echoed by an ornate, melismatic cadenza on the touchy word "love." Exhausted by its effort to transform the tawdry into the elegant, the music succumbs to a bittersweet and transfigured resolution.

This strange, powerful song, with its brooding, fluctuating tonalities, its migrating modulations, and its austerely passionate melodic line, is Porter's masterpiece.

I would mention one more song, "You're Sensational," which Porter composed during the last years of his creative life. It is the personal and musical autobiography of a man of wonderful gifts and high and joyful ideals, a man of large experience who knew pain and frustration. "Making love is quite an art" could have been set so simply and beautifully only by a man who was himself quite a lover and artist. With the touching words of resignation and farewell, "That's all, that's all, that's all," Porter joins the ghost of Hamlet's father, who utters the last words of all men, "Remember me, remember me, remember me."

Cole Porter will be remembered.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Count Basie: *Have a Nice Day.* Basie, piano; with seventeen-piece band. Daybreak stereo, DR-2005, $5.98.	This is one of the best Basie albums in recent years. It consists of eleven numbers composed and arranged by Sammy Nestico, who knowledgeably maintains the tradition of tempo, mood, and coloration that Neal Hefti virtually established for the band in the 1950s. The all-important rhythm section remains the finest to be heard in jazz today, and there is plenty of clean, sonorous, unison work from the capable sections.
Bobby Hackett: *Live at the Roosevelt Grill.* Hackett, cornet; Vic Dickenson, trombone and vocal; Dave McKenna, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Cliff Leeman, drums. Chiaroscuro stereo, CR-105, $5.98.	Selections from ten evenings of recording do justice to a superior little group that worked together for a couple of months in 1970. Good tunes (three of them by Dickenson), relaxed tempos, and a comfortable rapport among all five men result in a consistently enjoyable album. Hackett and Dickenson share a common feeling for melody, and the way they support and anticipate one another is quite exceptional. Dickenson's nonchalant vein of humor and his vocalized trombone tone have seldom been caught so well on records before. As for Hackett's lyricism, do not on any account miss his "Meditation."
Lionel Hampton: *Lionel Hampton, Vol. I: Stompology.* Hampton, vibraphone, piano, drums, and vocal; with sextet, octet, and nonet. RCA mono, LPV-575, $5.98.	This is the best of six new albums that mark the resuscitation by producer Don Schlitten of RCA's prestigious, but long-dormant, Vintage series. The sequence of small-band dates for the label under Hampton's leadership was one of the most successful ever made, and the announced intention of issuing them all in chronological order is wholly commendable. The 1937 sessions in this set were especially fruitful, due primarily to the presence of outstanding musicians like Jess Stacy, Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, Jonah Jones, and Cozy Cole. Hampton's own rhythmic energy acted as a catalytic agent, while his melodic and harmonic skill in improvisation was also a constant source of inspiration. *Swing* (LPV-578) is somewhat similar in content and includes several collector's items. All four sides from the hectic 1936 session under Gene Krupa's name—with Roy Eldridge, Benny Goodman, and Chu Berry—are here. So are four from a 1941 date on which singer Una Mae Carlisle was accompanied by Lester Young's band. There are two good jam session preformances by Bunny Berigan with Tommy Dorsey and Fats Waller, but most rewarding of all are three from 1939 on which Frank Newton was backed by pianist James P. Johnson. The sensitive, muted trumpet Newton plays on "The Blues My Baby Gave to Me" indicates an appreciation of his great predecessor, Joe Smith. The final selection on the record, "Moldy Fig Stomp," would have been better left in the vault.
The Modern Jazz Quartet: *Plastic Dreams.* John Lewis, piano and harpsichord; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums; and, on two tracks, Snooky Young, Joe Newman, trumpets; Garnett Brown, trombone; Jim Buffington, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba. Atlantic stereo, SD-1589, $5.98; Ampex 8-track, M 81589, $6.95; Ampex cassette, M 51589, $6.95.	The Modern Jazz Quartet wears well. After nearly twenty years as a unit, it still plays with freshness, enthusiasm, and commitment. In fact, what once seemed perhaps too fragile or genteel an ensemble now sounds refreshing and steely in comparison with the spongy, electronic enormities of today. The opener, "Walking Stomp," is full of rhythmic life, Heath's highly effective bass part suggesting a sophisticated jug player! It is followed by "Dancing," which does more than imply the relationship between boogaloo and boogie woogie. "Travelin'," to use annotator Martin Williams's apt phrase, is delivered with "a sort of relaxed *agitato*," not *con passione*, but steadily swinging. In "Plastic Dreams," where Lewis plays harpsichord, a welcome return is made to "The Dream" and "The Spanish Tinge," while on "Piazza Navona," which moves into a deep groove, he uses the brass and Butterfield's tuba very imaginatively. Excellent recording reveals the great strength of Heath's contribution throughout.
Hot Lips Page: *Feelin' High and Happy.* Page, trumpet, mellophone, and vocal; with trio, sextet, and twelve-piece band. RCA mono, LPV-576, $5.98.	Page was a marvelous trumpet player and blues singer whose full potential was only briefly realized on records during 1944-45. This set for the most part presents him in an earlier period under far from ideal conditions. On ten tracks, he is harnessed with a somewhat lackluster band and generally sad material. On a 1940 trio date, where guitarist Teddy Bunn is a major asset, there are further serious handicaps of an untoward nature. Nevertheless, the reissue is triumphantly vindicated by the variety and vitality of Page's trumpet playing.
Maxine Sullivan: *Sullivan, Shakespeare and Hyman.* Maxine Sullivan, vocal; Dick Hyman, piano, harpsichord, and arranger; Rusty Dedrick, trumpet and flugelhorn; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Don Lamond, drums. Monmouth-Evergreen stereo, MES-7038, $5.98.	Hyman has done an admirable job in setting Shakespearean lyrics to bright and primarily jazz-flavored melodies. They lend themselves notably well to Maxine Sullivan's coolly articulated interpretation. (This is not, of course, her first encounter with the Bard, for she played Titania in the famous 1939 production of *Swingin' the Dream.*) The spirited accompaniment is a great help to her, especially Hyman's own crisp and often Basie-like piano. She reads the lyrics well, her pronunciation of "chamber" and "quoif" in "Lawn as White as Driven Snow" from *The Winter's Tale* being the only noticeable lapse.
Joe Turner: *His Greatest Recordings.* Turner, vocal; with various unidentified small groups. Atlantic mono, SD-33-376, $5.98; Ampex 8-track, M 8376, $6.95; Ampex cassette, M 5376, $6.95. **La Vern Baker:** *Her Greatest Recordings.* La Vern Baker, with various unidentified small groups. Atlantic mono, SD-33-372, $5.98; Ampex 8-track, M 8372, $6.95; Ampex cassette, M 5372, $6.95.	In Turner's case the album title is a decided exaggeration, but included are his biggest sellers. Heard at his best with pianist Pete Johnson, he later rode roughshod through rock 'n' roll, swinging with an amazing kind of infallibility until the blues miraculously came back into fashion. His accompanists here included such musicians as Budd Johnson, Elmore James, and Connie Kay, but for the most part they were obliged to conform to what was considered commercially acceptable. La Vern Baker was not so fortunate as Turner. Her voice and delivery were superb, and she could sound like a child of Bessie Smith or Mahalia Jackson, but she was lost on the long descent from rhythm-and-blues through the juvenilia of rock to the banalities of soul. Her album remains an important and, indeed, interesting souvenir of a disastrous period in American music.

STANLEY DANCE

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POP

ARETHA, THE TURNERS, AND KING CURTIS

More than anyone else, Aretha Franklin embodies the philosophical position, the psychological set, the race memory, the musical amalgam involved in soul. Moreover, she is its most potent and creative artist. On *Aretha's Greatest Hits* (Atlantic stereo, SD 8295, $4.98; Ampex 8-track, M 88295, $6.95; Ampex open reel, M 8295, $6.95; Ampex cassette, M 58295, $6.95), this is cogently illustrated. The album provides a sampling of Miss Franklin's best work over the past few years and places her in perspective.

A product of the sin and salvation syndrome of the black Baptist Church, Miss Franklin sings with unbridled, often thunderous emotion, obviously freed by the act of performing. She takes hold of songs, using her impressive voice as an instrument of power and subtlety, and turns them into burning personal experiences.

Her material centers on the realization of self through physical love and the devotional side of life. With the help of particularly consonant instrumental backing, in turn she is the blazing gospel-blues wailer ("Dr. Feelgood"), the erotic street swinger ("Respect"), the voice from the pulpit ("Let It Be"). Most of all she's Aretha from Detroit, giving something of herself to all who catch hold of her in flight.

Tina Turner, a lady of extraordinary physical magnetism, also had her beginnings in the rhythm-ridden Baptist Church. It was a natural move into all-stops-out, blues-drenched soul music. A "chitlin circuit" rider, performing almost exclusively for black audiences for years with husband and mentor Ike Turner and his band, she broke through internationally during the latter years of the 1960s when torrid, explicit delivery of contemporary songs became widely acceptable.

Uninhibited onstage, always pulsing, dancing, grinding, Miss Turner, with help from her husband, has evolved an aural-visual *act* that at one and the same time reinforces the myth of deep-set, enhanced black female sexuality—a racist concept—and showcases an ultimate form of freedom in song.

Her recent album, *What You Hear Is What You Get* (United Artists stereo, UAS 9953, $6.98; 8-track, X04018, $7.98; cassette, XC-7018, $7.98), was taped live at Carnegie Hall. A typical Ike and Tina Turner show, it prominently features Miss Turner's rough and exciting blues voice and is carefully programed progressively to heighten body heat. The band surges; the singing-dancing Ikettes spar with Miss Turner. Ike plays various roles—blues guitarist, actor, chief influence on the flow of the show. And the movement never stops.

The repertory is familiar—i.e., Jesse Hill's "Doh Poo Pah Doo," John Fogerty's 'Proud Mary," Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long." The last provides the climactic moment of the show. Drawing a portrait in sound of sexual intimacy, from insinuation to consummation, Miss Turner, aided by husband Ike, nails the audience. Yet, it seems too preconceived. One can respond to it only as caricature.

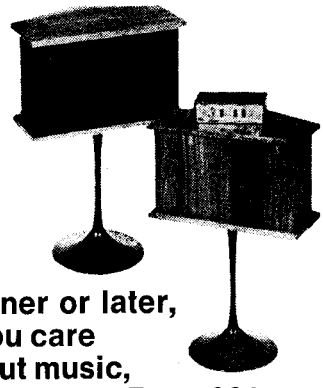
The transition from "soul by prescription" to revelation of the music's inner nature is made in listening to *King Curtis Live at Fillmore West* (Atco stereo, SD-33-359, $4.98; Ampex 8-track, M833-359, $6.95; Ampex cassette, M533-359, $6.95). Saxophonist Curtis is backed by his Kingpins, a highly fluid rhythm section, featuring organist Billy Preston, guitarist Cornell Dupree, and soul's best drummer, Bernard Purdie. He shares the front-line spotlight with the Memphis Horns. The band, buoyed by consistently decisive solo and ensemble performance and by evocative rhythm playing, dances out of the speaker, purveying an irresistible natural excitement.

Curtis plays with that extra grease that lubricates and motors the whole band. Hard and precise, he uses rhythm as the core of his style, not so much improvising as revamping the melodic lines while pushing the wagon along. Curtis brings to mind a powerful blues singer. He vocalizes his sound, gives and takes with the band, always swinging but seldom showboating.

With this album of contemporary songs—e.g., "Ode to Billie Joe," "I Stand Accused"—Curtis suggests at least one way bands can go during the 1970s. In the marriage of improvisatory freedom with flexibly written passages over highly explicit rhythms, he not only offers answers for the growth of instrumental soul music but illustrates how well horns can be used without losing their character and individuality.

A recent, unfortunate casualty on the streets of New York, Curtis will be missed. His music and performances were unequivocating, thoroughly contemporary, the essence of soul. That's reason enough.

Burt Korall



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

BACH BY ROSTROPOVICH; TUCKER AS SAMSON

Philharmonic Hall was filled to capacity and also to the limit of its stage seats when Mstislav Rostropovich returned to demonstrate once more why he is rated by many as the premier cellist of the day. If there was an extra measure of fervor in the applause that greeted him, or if it related to the six-month "house arrest" imposed upon him by Soviet bureaucrats for his brave statement on behalf of his friend Aleksandr L. Solzhenitsyn (when his right to receive the Nobel Prize was disputed by those same bureaucrats), Rostropovich gave no evidence of recognizing it. He smiled, bowed, and plunged into a surging performance of Beethoven's A-major Sonata, for which Artur Balsam (a late-hour replacement for a Soviet colleague delayed en route) was the equally motivated pianist.

When Rostropovich had worked off his initial energy in this collaboration and settled down, wholly on his own, to the Bach Unaccompanied Sonata in C, in which one beautifully formulated section succeeded another, the question occurred: How did this kind of Bach compare with that of other great cellists, present and past? The mental answers ran as follows: It was more regular, rhythmically, than Pablo Casals's; stronger than Starker's; less Slavic than Piatigorsky's; of about the same romantic flair as Rose's; and similar in suavity to the sound of the great English artist Felix Salmond. But, taken all together, if one were searching for a niche in the cellist Pantheon in which to place Rostropovich, it would, by my reckoning, be right beside the late Emanuel Feuermann. He died in 1942, at about the same time of life (early forties) that Rostropovich is now, and is still revered in the lore of the instrument.

Instrumental virtuosity is usually defined in terms of facile passage playing or a dashing command of the most intricate rhythmic patterns. Rostropovich can match almost any in these details, but few can equal his ability to turn such command inward rather than outward. As an instance, he used his beautifully balanced bow control to point a rhythmic pattern at either the tip or the frog, his left-hand facility to add a throb of vibrato where it meant most in the "Courante," and his gambling instinct—which every great artist must possess—to challenge the attention of 3,000 listeners with a wispy *pianissimo* in the "Sarabande." In sum, the outcome was just what it should have been: An audience that received Rostropovich as an admirable human being was magnetized into acclaiming him a master of his art second to none.

The Robert O'Hearn-Nathaniel Merrill production of Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila* was a good show at the old Metropolitan when it was introduced half a dozen years ago; it is a much better opera now, thanks to managerial ingenuity in matching Grace Bumbry as Dalila and Richard Tucker as Samson (for the first time) under the stimulating direction of Serge Baudo.

Together they achieved an equipoise of theatrical and musical values not often encountered. In the earlier action, Bumbry's svelte body and vibrant voice made her a much more than ordinarily plausible temptress, while leaving no doubt, in facial play and gesture, that her actions are malicious as well as corruptive. In his admirably muscular illusion of an Israelite who loved well rather than wisely, Tucker conveys a real sense of the humiliation Samson must have felt in failing his people's trust. Perhaps out of his cantorial background and emotional involvement with Judaic values, Tucker was superbly believable in the moment of physical regeneration that endures in history, when Samson brought down the temple of Dagon, killing all within it, including himself.

In an index of purely vocal resources, it would be entered that neither performer had a wholly easy time. Miss Bumbry, perhaps because of recent involvement in such soprano projects as *Tosca*, was a little unsteady at the outset but performed the second-act music, including "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," beautifully. After a rather dry start, Tucker built his effort to a proper climax, while providing a really sophisticated echo to Dalila in the work's best-known moment, mentioned above. The present production carried over the excellent High Priest of Gabriel Bacquier and added to it a fine portrayal by John Macurdy of the Old Hebrew who warns Samson against an involvement with the Philistine Jezebel. Also much improved over its earlier effort was the staging of the "Bacchanale," thanks in part to an illusively erotic vignette by Diana Levy, a spectacularly athletic effort by Avind Harum in his debut as her partner, and the leadership of Baudo, which was not only invigorating but idiomatic. I.K.

Milk-Plus

Continued from page 41

masterful. His control is equally evident in the performances—all finely tuned—while McDowell, as Alex, provides a near showpiece of film acting.

It is doubtful that *any* novel has ever been adapted for the screen as brilliantly as this one. Critic Stanley Edgar Hyman termed the book "an eloquent and shocking novel that is quite unique." Fully as unique, and as eloquent and shocking, is this film by Kubrick, an extraordinary accomplishment in itself. It will undoubtedly cause shock waves among other directors, for Kubrick, in technical areas, at least, has surpassed them all.

There is hardly a sound or camera technique that he doesn't make use of. Most slow-motion sequences in other hands seem banal, but when Kubrick includes such a sequence (Alex walking with his droogs, thinking of how to inflict upon them their humbling lessons), it is done with rare grace and sinister beauty. When Kubrick speeds up Alex's orgiastic session with two young girls picked up in the Record Bootick, the scene becomes an insanely comic ballet. To make sure that all sound emerges with bell-like clarity (the Moog will surely gain in popularity now), he utilizes the Dolby noise-reduction system. For him, the film medium appears to be an instrument with an almost infinite variety of pedals and stops. New technology simply widens its range of possibilities, and Kubrick is quick to employ them when applicable.

Ironically enough, the critical world has been slow about getting on his band wagon. The range of reaction to his work, from the powerful *Paths of Glory* to the more recent *2001*, has been mixed, to put it mildly. He once pointed out ruefully to an interviewer that *The New York Times* had never given him an approving review. But in recent years the claque of Kubrick admirers has grown apace. *Paths of Glory* is regarded reverentially by the new young film-makers; *2001* could be regarded as a cult film, if the cult were not so vast. *Lolita* was daringly in advance of its time. *Strangelove* did catch the fancy of the more intellectual critics but was not universally admired at the time of its release. But put all together, and with the addition of *A Clockwork Orange*, the record begins to look imposing indeed. It can be said, without question, that he is this country's most important film-maker, fit to stand on a pedestal beside Europe's best, Bergman and Fellini. "Actions speak louder than," as the Minister of the Interior says in *A Clockwork Orange*. "Observe all."

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

Rabbi Cohen and JCSS
Rabbi Cohen's letter concerning *Jesus Christ Superstar* [*SR*, Nov. 27] offered one suggestion that I hope will not pass without comment. He wrote: "Perhaps a new kind of 'Truth Squad' should follow each production to town in order to undo some of the mischief being done in the name of a Jew who lived 2,000 years ago. . . ."

I wonder whom he would consider qualified to present "the truth" about an event 2,000 years in the past. And who would be dispassionate enough to relate objectively what little we do know? I don't think it would be Rabbi Cohen. He objects to the sympathetic treatment of Pilate, since the New Testament clearly states Jesus was scourged at Pilate's command. However, he doesn't mention that the same text has Pilate repeatedly saying he finds no fault with the man. Rabbi Cohen states that historically Pilate was cruel, but he doesn't point out that historically the Sanhedrin was instrumental in Christ's death. It seems he is being no more objective than the work he criticizes.

I'm neither a Christian nor a Jew, so I don't have a religious viewpoint to defend. To me, *Jesus Christ Superstar* presents only an intriguing, down-to-earth view of how the crucifixion *might* have happened. The characters don't come across as either Jew or Gentile. They are *fearful* men, and they behave as do frightened men the world over—regardless of religion.

Many of my friends have enjoyed *Superstar*, but I've yet to note anti-Semitic feeling caused by or intensified by this rock opera. Some appear shocked by seeming irreverence; some seem to be re-evaluating their own belief in Jesus' mission (or lack of one). But at least no one I know seems relieved to rediscover a scapegoat for the ancient execution.

(Mrs.) Myra Zirkle,
Lakewood, O.

Albertson on Miles Davis
My congratulations to Chris Albertson on his splendid article on the free-thinking Miles Davis ["The Unmasking of Miles Davis," *SR*, Nov. 27]. It would have been easy for Albertson to do as many others have done with Davis: dismiss him as a difficult personality and proceed to write a stereotyped piece about this black talent *extraordinaire*. However, he chose to try to give an honest portrayal of the real Miles Davis, without preconceived notions. In an age when "going along with whatever is popular at the moment" is the established trend, Davis is indeed a free-thinking artist who has a sense of direction and adheres to it. He seems to realize that the right to think freely and creatively is one of the most important and least used powers possessed by an individual. It is indeed a pleasure to read an article of this caliber. The *modus operandi*, from the cover to the conclusion of the story, smells of beauty and honesty. Again, my congratulations.

James E. Teachey
Akron, O.

A Kiss for Jim Marshall
Congratulations to photographer Jim Marshall on his exceptional cover shot of trumpeter Miles Davis that graced the November 27 issue. I found Chris Albertson's story on the jazz musician also first-rate.

Dennis R. Hendley,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Music in Melbourne
As a native of Melbourne, Australia, I was most interested in Irving Kolodin's perceptive article on the musical life of that city ["The City of Life," *SR*, Oct. 23]. It is true that Australia's most talented musicians "go overseas to find fulfillment"; London is filled with them and an increasing number now are coming to New York. The sadness is not so much that these people have to go overseas to develop a talent but that the country does not encourage them to return to vitalize and upgrade the quality of both performance and teaching—this despite the fact that these musicians would prefer to be living in their own country.

It is ironic that I was visiting my family in Melbourne at the time of which you write. Even with my "overseas reputation" [*SR*, March 27] and a full year's correspondence, I was unable to arrange to play in a single concert.

John H. Wion,
New York, N.Y.

Ditto in Sydney
I would like to send in a few words with reference to Mr. Kolodin's most interesting article on Australia.

Having lived more than sixteen years in Sydney and other cities "down under" three decades ago, I am still most interested in reading about reactions and remarks of others who are fortunate enough to spend some time in the land of Waltzing Matilda. He has given me great joy!

Mrs. Ridi Gundell,
Elmhurst, N.Y.

Richard Wagner's "Night and Day"
At last, a critic who understands Wagner! [Irving Kolodin, MUSIC TO MY EARS, Dec. 4.] The day-night symbolism is not atypical of Wagner, who continuously—and most notably in the *Ring*—tied the events and emotions of his human-like actors to natural phenomena (a lesson for us today?).

Then, it is a small point, but *Gesamtkunstwerk* would be more correctly interpreted as "work of total art." With Leinsdorf conducting, it will remain a supreme work of art in performance, even though cut out are my favorite portions of Act III.

Don J. Kintner,
Chatham, N.J.

Editor's Note: *Either way, it comes out Schneider-Siemssen*

"Let's just stick to making pizza, Fred."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 38: stapler, psalter, plaster.

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RELIGIOUS HUMANISM, a quarterly honoring the rational and the spiritual. Free brochures. Humanist Center, SR, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS *and hundreds of unique* leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

FLEMING BOTTLE CUTTER. Recycle no-return bottles into attractive goblets, glasses, candleholders, bowls, etc. Complete instructions. Learn in five minutes. Practice conservation at home, club or scouts. $9.95 postpaid. The Environmentals Company, Box 96S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

FAMILY TREE CHARTS—Genealogy Supplies, Books. Free "How To" Catalogue. FORMCO, Box 3828-XM, Long Beach, California 90803.

PERSONALS

WFUNA FIRST DAY COVER. To accompany the United Nations 95¢ and F.s.0,40 definitive stamps to be issued January 5th, 1972, the World Federation of United Nations Associations will again present the popular blue and gold cachet, designed by the late Frank Reichental, creator of many WFUNA cachets. Cachet in size 6¾" only. For order forms giving prices and full information, please send stamped, addressed envelope to World Federation of United Nations Associations, Room C-104, United Nations, New York, N.Y. 10017. Sales also to be made at WFUNA sales counter, Lower Concourse, General Assembly Building, United Nations, First Avenue and 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., commencing December 20th, 1971 through January 5th, 1972.

IS ENGLAND your ancestral home? Romantic figures of your ancestors can live on. Films on actual ancestral sites, family trees traced from official English records. Mr. M. J. Talbot, 75 Chantry Road, Gosport, Hants, England, PO 12-4 NB.

CREATIVE ARTS Therapy Workshops. Institute for Sociotherapy, 39 East 20th Street, NYC, 10003.

YOGA CORRESPONDENCE COURSE—Swami Kriyananda. Information Ananda-D, Nevada City, California 95959.

SITUATIONS WANTED

NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

MUSICIAN desires apprenticeship anywhere with stringed instrument craftsman-repairman. Experienced. M. Schwartz, 108 Avondale, Jackson, Michigan 49203.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, Personal Secretary—Languages. Free to travel. Box E-701.

YOUNG MAN, talented musician, creative, intelligent, college grad, seeking position: music critic, reviewer. Box E-726.

ADVENTURE SOUGHT. Anything. Anywhere. Mature, versatile backup man. Box E-712.

WRITER-NOVELIST. 3 times published, former English teacher, needs free-lance writing or related work. Box E-600.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ACADEMIC REGISTER, 1972 EDITIONS, accepting listings from educators seeking employment, promotion, relocation. All levels, U.S., Canada, overseas. Details: The Education Exchange, Box 392A, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, *travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employ*ment, Box 706P81, Orinda, California 94563.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS — Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester Drive, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—New Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment, business, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment directories: Australian businesses, $1.50. U.S. businesses there, $1.50. All three, $2.00. (550 employers listed.) Buckeye, Box 1032CK, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

(Continued on page 64)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 63)

WANTED: Orchestra manager for the Fort Wayne Philharmonic. Opportunity with future for Arts Administrator. Write F.A.F., 324 Penn Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46805.

MONTESSORI TEACHER NEEDED 1972. University community. Write 804 Shadylawn, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

ADMINISTRATOR for large nonprofit community agency cultural arts program in suburban New Jersey community. Salary commensurate with experience. Write Box E-707.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP has openings for an Administrative Assistant and Assistant Director. Openings for counselors with special skills. Write Robert Williams, The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

CONNECTICUT—WESTPORT. Overlooking water, mooring beach rights. A Colonial raised ranch, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, paneled family room, large living room, fireplace, huge covered deck. In 60's. By owner, 203-853-1519.

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK—English manor, brick, stone, 1/3 acre. 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, solarium, artist alcove. Twenty minutes Grand Central. $49,000 and assume $16,000 at 5¾%. 914-668-2835. Professor Skalafuris, 215-543-1540.

For Rent—Furnished

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—New, luxurious. Panoramic waterfront. Privacy. Daniel Sullivan, Cruz Bay, 00830. 809-776-6444.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

NORTH ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS—Waterfront home. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, large patios, fully equipped. Available fortnightly only. $200 week, including utilities. January-May. SR Box E-715.

For Winter Rental

STOWE, VERMONT CONDOMINIUM—Five or seven-day weeks. 203-658-4571.

MAINE. Fully furnished 1840 farm. All winter sports. $400 monthly, house only; $600 with barn. Write 3148 Que Street, Washington, D.C. 20007.

KILLINGTON—5 minutes from lifts. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, large fireplace, washer, dryer, dishwasher. Garage. Sunday-Friday rental, $300. 212-834-9463.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFFER seeks studio or small apartment, East-midtown Manhattan, with doorman or intercom. $200-$225 range. Sublet acceptable. Box E-334.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

SABBATHDAY HARBOR, Islesboro Island, Maine. The former Drexel estate in Islesboro has been made available for partition into a few parcels for fine summer homes. There are only four shorefront properties available, of 2 acres each, with 170 to 366 feet on the deep-water frontage, being offered at $15,000 to $25,000. Deeds will contain restrictive covenants to protect this unusually attractive environment. Excellent terms. Only 10% down ($1,500 to $2,500), remainder at 7¾% over 7½ years. Call Whitecaps, 207-667-5956 or Box 45NS, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

MEXICO—All forms of real estate. Lydia Vandermeer, Apartado 938, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

FIVE UNRELATED PIECES undeveloped land Bahamas. Includes ½ island twenty acres with water, large sea-to-sea lot and small waterfront lot Hopetown. No taxes. Box E-703.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 765-D, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318. (Staff openings.)

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN—Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth. Choice of two programs: travel and interesting outdoor experiences; or, challenging and rugged wilderness adventures. 6 and 8 weeks. Small coed groups. Dr. R. S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

LEARNING A LANGUAGE AT CAMP is fun. Living the language abroad is exciting. If you're 13, 14 or 15, you can study French or Spanish at camp, then travel to Canada, France, Switzerland, Mexico, or Spain, live with a native family, and use the language daily. Interested? Write: Summer Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar. Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Rewarding cultural experience for the teenager who has outgrown conventional camp. Creative, noncompetitive camp program, with Spanish, music, arts and crafts combined with travel and full athletic program. Horseback riding, mountain pack trips, golf, swimming, sailing, water skiing, etc. Limited to 28 children. Professional Staff. C. Polk, Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, New York. 914-337-4394.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 03560.

VACATIONS

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

CHIRICAHUA MOUNTAINS—Ultimate in climate, bird-watching, scenery. Cathedral Rock Lodge, Portal, Arizona 85632.

$130 MONTHLY full pension singles, $250 doubles. Country Inn. Since 1824. La Quinta, Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

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FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

BLUE HILL INN. Small, quiet, serving all meals. Open all year. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

ENJOY CARIBBEAN SUN . . . very modest rates . . . TAMARINDE GUESTHOUSE, Box 247, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

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ST. LUCIA. Anse Chastanet Hotel. Magnificent scenery. Own beach. Daily $24 each/double occupancy, M.A.P. Call 212-586-4500.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

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CARIBBEAN SEA—Idyllic beach. Superb fishing. Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

WORKSHOPS

BAHAMAS WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' WORKSHOP. March 15th-24th, 1972. Sponsored by York University's Centre for Continuing Education. Seminars and lectures on novel, drama, poetry, and art. Student manuscripts analyzed. Staff: Dennis Burton, Austin Clarke, John Herbert, Christopher Davis, Diana Wakoski, Gerald Lampert. Write: Bahamas Workshop, Glendon College, Box 20, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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LESLEY FROST is accepting applicants for her Escuela-Pension de la Tahona in Spain. Write for brochure. Box E-28.

LIVE AT OXFORD. Tutorials with Oxford faculty; University of California Extension credit. Classes begin June 27th and July 18th. Study medieval England; the rise of science; Oxford gardens; English painting, literature, theatre, philosophy, history; Greek and Roman archaeology; origins of the English language; history through films; modern social problems. Write: Oxford Program '72, UC Extension, Berkeley, California 94720.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z1W Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure. 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TRAVEL

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ENGLISH LITERATURE IN ENGLAND! Our 18-day escorted tours of Britain offer you a genuinely rewarding luxury vacation exploring the homes and habitats of the immortals of English literature from Chaucer to Shaw. Small friendly parties. Details from Vivienne Webb, 10 Barnard Close, Swindon SN3 3LZ, England.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1968

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Redo	14 49 79 106 25 140
B. Meddlesome	141 152 53 60 78 96 110 124 136
C. Scathes	104 35 43 75 85 89 111 121
D. Directness, contiguity	127 29 59 69 109 113 137 153 176
E. Capital of Meurthe-et-Moselle dept., France	6 37 46 100 36
F. Slight injury	84 118 123 154 1 23 42
G. Goneril's evil steward in "King Lear"	130 142 17 39 64 119
H. Sconces, beans, conks	158 161 168 54 73 83 88
I. Group of persons with various specialties, charged with dealing with a specific problem (2 wds.)	93 114 143 173 95 128 155 41 55
J. Small villages	86 157 66 81 92 107 115
K. Bis!	120 138 169 13 19 57

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Cave or cavern	112 170 24 56 68 133
M. Italian composer (1792-1868); "The Thieving Magpie"	175 28 99 145 71 90 117
N. One exercising unsuspected or unofficial power (2 Fr. wds.)	144 98 30 38 62 91 125 164 132 50 74 11 18
O. Destroy	47 61 129 147 160 32 102 166 9 174
P. Young children	10 134 63 139 97 101 40 146
Q. Author of "The African Queen"	131 148 27 103 163 15 3 58
R. Not morally acceptable	82 149 165 67 7 172 122 45 52 22 108 135
S. Guilty of disobedience or misbehavior	48 72 162 34 12 116 65
T. Pearly	167 51 44 70 5 151 21 150
U. Establish in office	77 33 4 94 80 126 20
V. Preclude, bar	8 16 76 171 26
W. Tatters, bits	31 2 105 87 159 156

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 F	2 W	3 Q		4 U	5 T	6 E	7 R	8 V	9 O	10 P		11 N	12 S	13 K	14 A	15 Q
16 V		17 G	18 N	19 K	20 U		21 T	22 R	23 F	24 L	25 A	26 V	27 Q	28 M	29 D	30 N
31 W	32 O	33 U	34 S	35 C	36 E		37 E	38 N	39 G	40 P	41 I	42 F	43 C	44 T		45 R
46 E		47 O	48 S		49 A	50 N	51 T		52 R	53 B		54 H	55 I	56 L	57 K	58 Q
59 D	60 B	61 O	62 N	63 P	64 G	65 S		66 J	67 R	68 L	69 D	70 T	71 M	72 S	73 H	74 N
75 C	76 V	77 U	78 B		79 A	80 U	81 J	82 R	83 H	84 F		85 C	86 J	87 W		88 H
89 C	90 M	91 N	92 J	93 I	94 U		95 I	96 B	97 P	98 N	99 M		100 E	101 P	102 O	103 Q
104 C	105 W	106 A	107 J	108 R	109 D		110 B	111 C	112 L	113 D	114 I	115 J	116 S	117 M	118 F	
119 G	120 K	121 C	122 R	123 F	124 B	125 N	126 U	127 D	128 I	129 O		130 G	131 Q		132 N	133 L
134 P	135 R	136 B		137 D	138 K	139 P		140 A	141 B	142 G	143 I	144 N	145 M	146 P	147 O	148 Q
149 R	150 T		151 T	152 B		153 D	154 F	155 I	156 W		157 J	158 H	159 W		160 O	161 H
162 S	163 Q	164 N	165 R		166 O	167 T	168 H		169 K	170 L	171 V	172 R	173 I	174 O	175 M	176 D

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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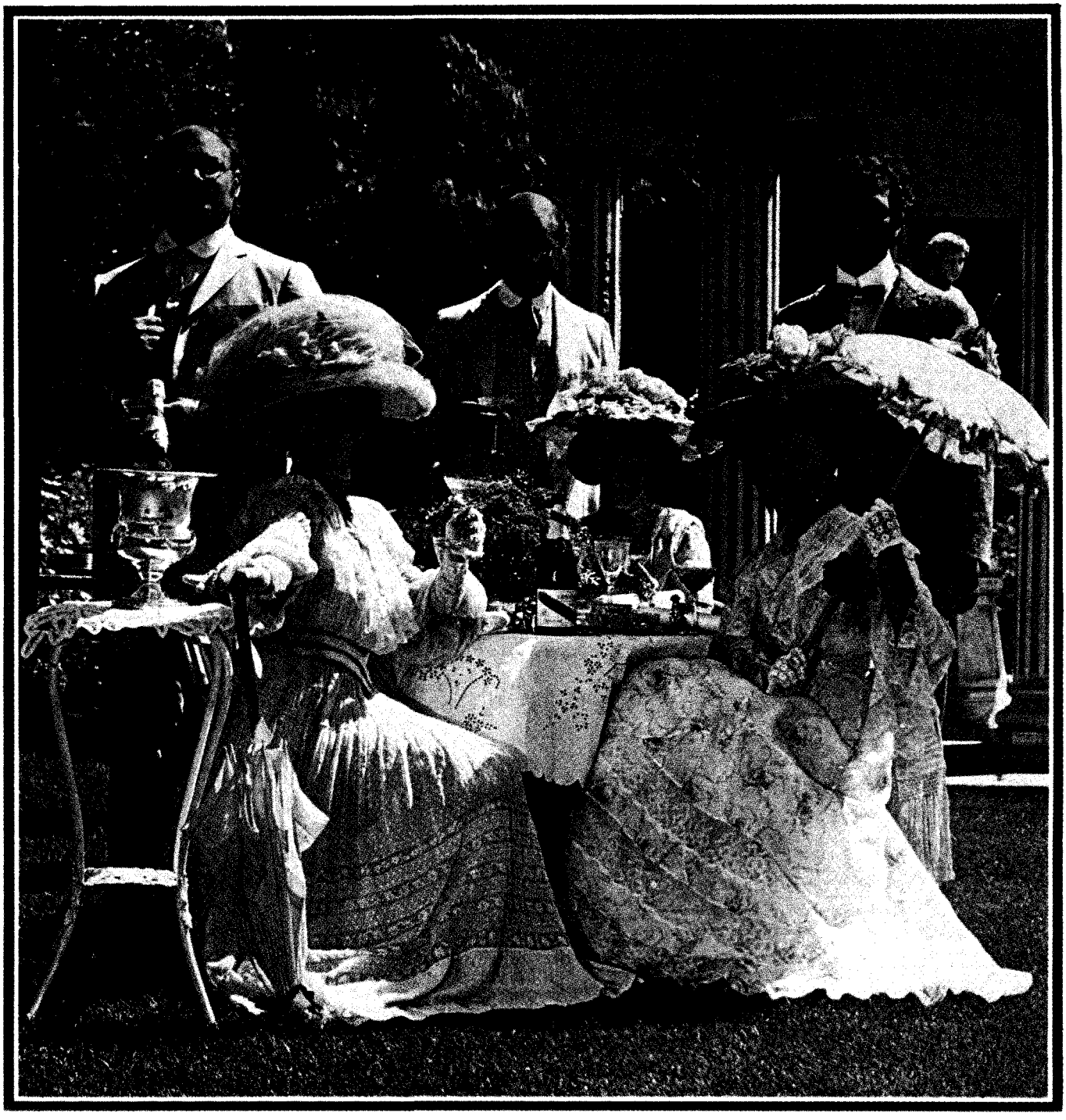
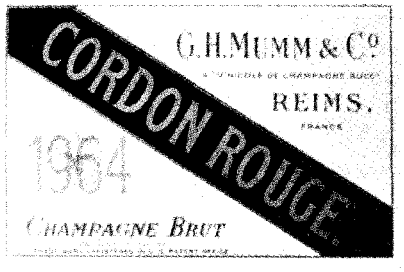


Victor Hugo was writing, Renoir was painting, and Mumm was the word.

The era is gone.
Except for us.
Today you can still buy
the finest champagne
the world has ever known.

**Mumm's the word.
Always will be.**



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The system that moves the Cadillac Eldorado also moves the Audi.

But we had it first.

Virtually every car in the world moves by a system known as rear-wheel drive. Which means the rear wheels *push* the car.

The Audi (and, of course, the Eldorado) moves by a system known as front-wheel drive. Which means the front wheels *pull* the car.

This gives you two distinct advantages:

One, it lets you corner surer. Even on the meanest, most terrifying curve.

And two, it gives you better traction on any kind of surface: rain, snow, mud, even ice.

Besides the Cadillac Eldorado, the Audi has some of the best features of six other great automobiles.

1. The Audi has the same type of steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car.

2. The Audi has the same type of brakes as the Porsche 917 racing car.

3. It's got the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental.

4. It's got just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

5. Its interior bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

6. You get the same kind of expert service with an Audi as you do with a Volkswagen. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

A lot of car manufacturers nowadays give you exactly what you pay for.

In the case of the Audi, we give you a lot more.

The Audi®

It's a lot of cars for the money.

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